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Looking Forward

BECAUSE OF OUR desire to present both sides of the questions which interest civilized Americans these days, we are often asked to state precisely what are our own opinions on the subjects discussed. These opinions—while probably evident to most regular readers—necessarily color to some extent our presentation of human affairs and so should be understood in order to get a complete picture of what the Outlook and Independent stands for.

WE PUBLISH, we hope, a journal which deals first in realism, not sentimentalities. Our inquiries are usually in the interest of the ordinary, individual American—who wants peace, safety, happiness, tolerance and temperance; as much personal liberty as is consistent with the public good; and as profitable relations with his fellowmen as a far-sighted justice will bestow. How best to secure these ends is necessarily a question of methods; so that political partisanship is precluded and independent inquiry a necessity.

SEEKING TEMPERANCE and honesty for society, and believing in the growth of character in the individual, we favor modification of the Volstead Act. Seeking international peace, we favor, among other things, the League of Nations. Seeking truth, we are opposed to official censorships. Being interested in the individual, we favor the amateur spirit in sport. Striving for tolerance, we look with disfavor on those who would enforce their prejudices on others. Being artistically minded, we believe—with Disraeli—that life is more important than art.

WE ARE GLAD, of course, to report the acts and arguments of those who intelligently disagree, first because only through the discussion of error will truth emerge, and second because such reporting is a necessity for a journal which seeks to tell its readers what is actually going on in a most complex world. If readers, nevertheless, will bear in mind the above opinions, they will be able to discount sufficiently our editorial bent to arrive at the independent judgments they desire.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Outlook
and Independent

January 15, 1930

After the First Decade

The League of Nations Today

By WICKHAM STEED

The League of Nations came into existence on January 10, 1920—just ten years ago. It has been reviled and sanctified since then. What is the real significance of the League as a force for peace? Mr. Steed, now editor of the English "Review of Reviews" and formerly editor of the London "Times", has watched it from the start. At first dubious, Mr. Steed is now certain that the League has "actual and prospective value" as a safeguard against war. It has grown in ways not foreseen; and that growth proves its vitality

TWO SORTS of people—the worshippers and the skeptics — hinder simple folk in making up their minds about the League of Nations. Of the two, the worshippers are the worse. They strive to surround it with an atmosphere of uncritical piety, and succeed in spreading boredom, save among the "unco' guid." It is easier to bear with the skeptics. They are often witty and sometimes ridiculous. One may laugh with or at them. The League's deadliest foes are those who make men yawn over it. There must be a vital germ in the League of Nations if public interest in it can withstand the tiresomeness of its wholehogger apologists. The medieval Jew who embraced Christianity after a visit to Rome, because he thought that it must be divine if it could survive the iniquity he found there, has a counterpart in many an open-eyed partisan of the League. Not a few unbelievers have been converted by a visit to Geneva, for they discovered in the League at work an unsuspected core of reality. With them I have a fellow-feeling. Once I was one of them.

Not long ago an eminent French critic of international affairs derided in London the League and its works, as well as the Locarno Treaties and the Kellogg Peace Pact. All these contrivances for the prevention of war, he argued, were moonshine or, still worse, traps for the unwary. Any international lawyer, in the service of a warlike state, could drive a coach and horses through them. None of them could compare in positive value with a hard and fast alliance of the good old sort. For the League and its offspring to be any good, a moral revolution would need to take place—something like the foundation of Christianity, or the Reformation, or the French Revolution. But who could point to any sign of a moral revolution?

I listened and wondered. "Hard and fast alliances of the good old sort"—that meant the pre-war world. Does anybody really wish to go back to it? Could we go back to it if we would? If we would not and cannot, has there not been a kind of moral revolution? Surely the solemn renunciation of war by more than half a hundred nations is a mighty change. Fifteen years ago it would not have been thought of. Even ten years ago, when the League was founded, it seemed beyond the bounds of hope. The real question is how far the moral revolution has gone and what pledge of permanence it contains—a question hardly to be answered without taking account of the League and of its influence upon political thought. Yet here feeling creeps in. Everybody who knows enough of the League to be entitled to an opinion, has some feeling about it; and however much feeling may be discounted, it leaves a bias one way or the other. My own bias is in favor of the League. How I acquired it I will tell.

It was in June, 1924, when I first saw the League at work. Though I was not ill-disposed toward it, I doubted whether an institution set up by the methods followed at the Paris Peace Conference could be capable of healthy growth. From the spring of 1916 I had worked with Gilbert Murray, J. A. Spender and others to form a society called the "League of Free Nations Union." Its objects were similar to those of the American "League to Enforce Peace." Presently, under the presidency of Lord Grey of Fallodon, our society and a kindred association were merged in "The League of Nations Union." Most of us had our own ideas upon the right way of setting to work after the War. I advocated the "acorn" method of planting a germ-nucleus and letting it grow. Others thought it would be better to create a full-blown organization, with a fixed charter or constitution, and to assign to it a definite sphere of action.

I remember suggesting to Colonel House in Paris, more than a month before the Peace Conference met, that a nucleus for the League might be formed by choosing the best men in the Inter-Allied Maritime Transport Council, the Wheat Executive and so forth—men who had already acquired the habit of

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working together for a common object —and by adding to them some international lawyers of the first rank, like Mr. Elihu Root. To the body thus formed the Peace Conference might refer difficulties not susceptible of immediate settlement. Two Americans whom I had particularly in mind were Mr. Dwight Morrow and Mr. George Rublee. It seemed to me that, by dint of hammering out practical solutions of practical difficulties in the light of sound international principles and of the best legal experience, this embryonic League might gradually develop into a powerful institution and grow up as an oak under whose branches the nations would find shelter.

I was probably wrong. In any event, President Wilson would not hear of such a notion. He withdrew the American members of the Inter-Allied organizations, caused the establishment of a League of Nations to be placed first on the Agenda of the Peace Conference and, when the Covenant had been drafted, he read it, on February 14, 1919, to a plenary session of the Conference and secured its adoption. The same night he started on a brief visit to the United States

By way of circumventing the opposition which he encountered at home, President Wilson resolved to embody the League Covenant in the Peace Treaties; and just before he sailed again for France, he declared, on March 4, 1919, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York: "When that Treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the Covenant not only in it but so many threads of the Treaty tied to the Covenant, that you cannot dissect the Covenant from the Treaty without destroying the whole vital structure."

Until then it had been supposed that the Covenant would stand as a separate convention, open to signature by neutrals, along side of the Peace Treaty which the belligerent Powers alone would sign. On his return to Paris, President Wilson proposed, however, to his Associates that the Covenant should form an integral part of the Peace Treaty so that its clauses might form treaty obligations as binding upon signatories as any of the other clauses relating to frontiers, reparations, or the disarmament of Germany. This proposal was accepted, as the Covenant itself had been, on the understanding that the United States would be a party to the whole of the Peace Treaty.

This understanding turned out to be illusory. But the Powers which ratified the Peace Treaty with the Covenant in it found themselves obliged to set up a League of Nations. President Wilson had builded better than he knew. Had not the Covenant been embodied in the Treaty, the defection of the United States would have killed the League.

IN THESE circumstances the work of the men who actually organized the League was the more remarkable. They put living substance into its paper Covenant. They realized that the Permanent Secretariate, to which President Wilson had attributed little or no importance, would be a vital organ. Around the Secretary-General they grouped several experienced members of the former Inter-Allied organizations. By degrees, these officers of the Secretariate made of it little less than an International Ministry for Foreign Affairs which most of the Foreign Offices of the world, including the State Department at Washington, came to recognize as an equal.

When I perceived, in 1924, that the Secretariate is the permanent fulcrum of the League, my doubts began to fade. I saw that a real, stable agency had been set up. The Council may meet three or four times and the Assembly once a year, but the Secretariate works day after day, sometimes seven days a week, and often night after night. It is always there, ever ready at a moment's notice to advise the acting president of the Council to summon a special session in an emergency. It inquires into and handles dozens of minor disputes—and settles many of them—before they reach the Council. It incorporates that elusive thing, the "Geneva atmosphere," which is a fact, not a fancy. This "atmosphere" is a spirit of constructive neutrality and fair-minded goodwill. Above all it is an atmosphere of conference, consultation and conciliation. As General Smuts said in one of his Rhodes lectures last November at Oxford: "The essence of the Covenant, and the most valuable and important thing in it, is just its main conception that there shall be an organized system of conference and discussion between the states for the promotion of understanding and for the prevention of war. The particular machinery adopted to secure world-peace is, in comparison, of minor importance."

He hit the nail on the head. No catalogue of what the League has done or failed to do weighs in the balance beside its value as an occasion and "local habitation" for conference. The catalogue is respectable; but it does not serve to measure the whole distance between the pre-war and the post-war world. Only once before was anything like the "Geneva atmosphere" engendered. During the Balkan Wars of 1912-1913, Sir Edward Grey presided over a semi-permanent conference of the German, Russian, Austro-Hungarian, French and Italian ambassadors in London. It staved off a European conflagration. Sir Edward Grey has written of it: "We made the proceedings as informal as those of a committee of friends which, in fact, we were." The rejection of Grey's appeal for a renewal of this conference in July, 1914, destroyed the last hope of averting the World War. Thanks to the League and to other arrangements which the League helped to inspire, no similar appeal could now go unheard. It would not even have to be made. Consultation and conference would begin automatically.

THEREFORE it is safe to assume that it would be less easy today than it was in 1914 for a few statesmen or potentates to plunge the world into bloody chaos by ambitious aims or puissant incompetence. As a safeguard against war the League has actual value. But the larger question, whether it has served to promote positive peace, as a stable condition of society, not merely as non-war, cannot be so confidently answered. I have attended every League Assembly since September, 1924. I know something of the origin and objects of the Geneva Protocol which the Assembly adopted that year. The avowed purposes of the Protocol were (1) to block the loopholes which the Covenant had left open for legitimate war, and (2) to bring about a great International Disarmament Conference which should fulfill Article 8 of the Covenant and make good the implied undertaking contained in the preamble to the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty. Article 8 runs: "The members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point

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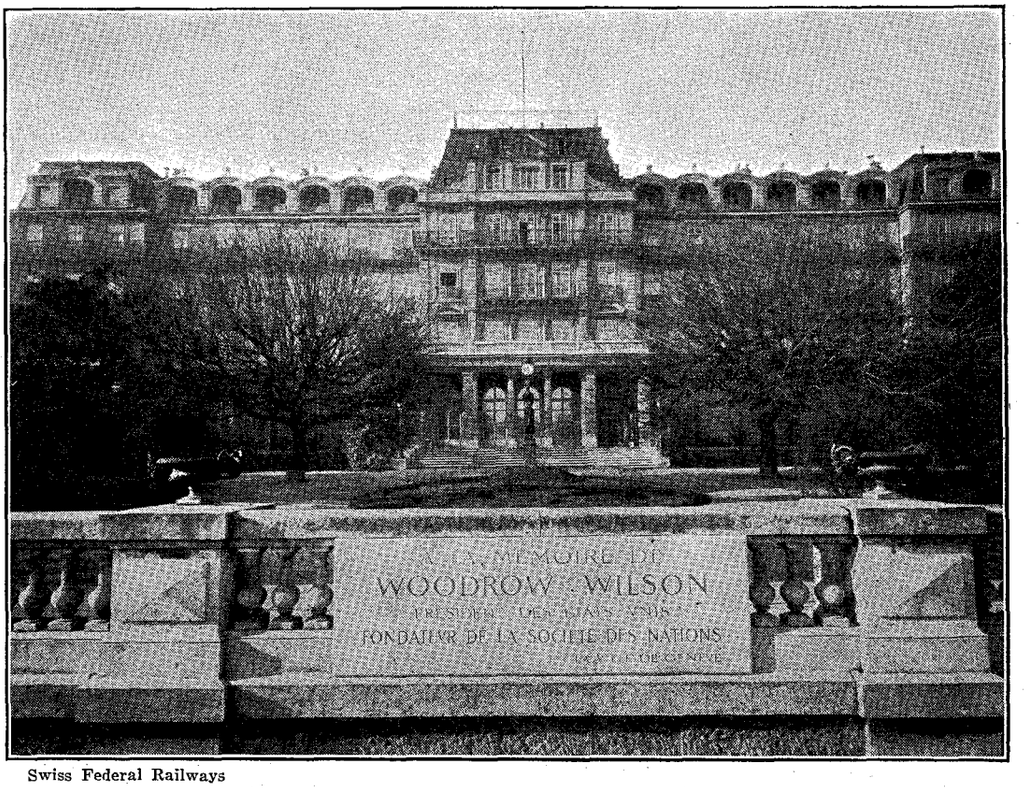
consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations." The Preamble to the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty declares: "In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow."

Why did the Geneva protocol fail? Partly because it attempted too much in trying to make the Covenant water-tight, and partly because Great Britain has never made up her mind whether she would take the risk of a conflict with the United States over "the freedom of the seas" in case the League Council should call upon her to fulfill her obligations under Article 16 of the Covenant and to help in blockading a Covenant-breaking State. The idea of having to choose between faithlessness to the League and a quarrel with America, as a neutral in regard to the League, has always been so repugnant to British statesmen that it has paralyzed their action at Geneva; and this British paralysis has helped to paralyze the League itself. Logically and legally President Wilson was on unassailable ground when he declared, during the Paris Peace Conference, that "the freedom of the seas" had lost significance because "in the League there would be no neutrals." But inevitably "the freedom of the seas" regained significance when the United States Senate rejected the Peace Treaty and the Covenant. Efforts to persuade European nations to disarm were defeated by the difficulty of persuading them that, in the event of attack, they would be defended by the whole League both economically and, eventually, in arms. The feeling of insecurity remained as a pretext for, if not as a cause of, the maintenance of armaments; and the maintenance of armaments tended, in its turn, to stultify the League in its major purpose.

Yet, whatever Europeans may think of the American repudiation of the Peace Treaty and the League, they cannot fairly charge the United States with indifference to disarmament. Both the Four-Power Pacific Agreement of 1921, and the 5-5-3 formula for the limitation of battle-fleets, are due to American initiative—an initiative inspired in part by a desire to prove that, while the United States abhors "entanglements" even for the sake of safeguarding peace, it cares no less than other countries for peace itself. Moreover, if the failure of the Geneva Protocol was chiefly attributable to British fear of Anglo-American complications, it cannot be said that the authors of the Protocol labored in vain. Before Great Britain had rejected it, Germany used it as a basis for the negotiations that culminated in the Locarno Treaties of October 1925; and Sir Austen Chamberlain was the more anxious to conclude those Treaties because he felt that his disavowal of the Protocol had laid Great Britain open to suspicion of lukewarmness in the service of the League and its aims. Out of the Locarno Treaties came the admission of Germany to the League; and with the entry of Germany the question of disarmament became acute. Dr. Stresemann left no room for doubt that Germany would not hold herself bound indefinitely by the disarmament clauses of the Versailles Treaty unless the premiss of their preamble were fulfilled. Thus the appearance of Germany at Geneva, in virtue of the Locarno Treaties which had grown out of the Geneva Protocol, established a potential time-limit for the success or failure of the League in the vital matter of disarmament.



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PALACE OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AT GENEVA, SWITZERLAND

Meanwhile it had become clear that no general International Disarmament Conference, such as the Geneva Protocol had contemplated, would be feasible unless agreement upon an all-round limitation, if not upon a reduction, of naval armaments had first been attained. To this end President Coolidge issued invitations to the Geneva Naval Conference of 1927. France and Italy held aloof from it, alleging that the disarmament problem could only be settled within the framework of the League itself. Therefore the Conference became a Three-Power Conference —and broke down for reasons which are still the subject of controversy. But out of its failure came, indirectly, the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war. The Pact, in its turn, begot the impending Naval Conference in London. The object of the Naval Conference is to ease the work of the League's Preparatory Disarmament Commission. The Kellogg proposals met, at first, with a hostile reception

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In Defense of the Senate

The Refuge of Liberalism

By HAROLD BRAYMAN

It is customary to hold that the U. S. Senate is an obstacle in the path of progress. Civic associations excoriate it because it declines to concur in the smooth efficiency of the House. Mr. Brayman, who covers the Senate for the New York "Evening Post," admits that the Upper House has its faults. It talks endlessly. But its atmosphere breeds progressivism. It refuses to take orders. Its record is immeasurably more liberal than that of the machine-ridden House

"MR. ALLEN—" shouts the deep-voiced reading clerk in the Senate, and then pauses while another presses a button that sounds a long bell in every room of the Capitol and Senate Office building as the signal that a vote is beginning.

Senators come pushing in from the lobby and cloakrooms. Newspapermen hurry into the press gallery. Secretaries and page boys scurry back and forth, in and out. Stenographers who have been taking down endless debate lean back in their chairs at ease. Visitors in the galleries lean over the front rail, eagerly, excitedly. They nudge their companions and whisper. Conversation on the floor almost ceases, leaving a strange silence, except for the soft tapping of Vice President Curtis's gavel.

For days and days the Senate has been debating. The President of the United States has been vigorously criticized and casually belittled. The Grand Old Party has been called to account by men elected under its eagle. The sincerity of the Democrats has been attacked. The insurgents have been speared with penetrating phrases. Now it is mid-afternoon and the hour has arrived when, by unanimous consent, the talking ends and the voting begins. The roll call is on an amendment to include in an administration bill some new scheme concocted in the West.

"Mr. Capper—Mr. Caraway—Mr. Connally—" the clerk continues as the support gains an early lead. "Mr. Glenn—Mr. Goff—Mr. Goldsborough —," no need to call the names of these three. They always vote the same—by rule of the thumb of the majority leader. The tally is about even. "Mr. Norbeck —Mr. Norris—Mr. Nye—." The insurgents from the Northwest regain the vanished lead. "Mr. Simmons—Mr. Smith—Mr. Steck—." They too could be voted accurately without the formality of hearing their answers, but they watch a different thumb. "Mr. Waterman—Mr. Watson—Mr. Wheeler—"

A few absentees have hurried in from committee rooms and corridors. They stand until their names are called. The clerk makes a quick computation and hands up a slip to the Vice President who announces the vote. Messenger boys in the press gallery dart out to the wires with the "flash." A President has been defied. A House of Representatives obedient to his will, and acting with the mental attitude of the charging Light Brigade, has been unhorsed. The United States Senate has gone progressive again.

This has happened so frequently in recent times that the difference between the two branches of our bicameral Congress has become very marked. The makers of the Constitution with their fears of a radical, mob-ridden House, unless restrained by a conservative Senate, would be astounded to see the object of their apprehensions sit back in 1929 and shake its head in sorrow at the ideas now coming out of an ungoverned Senate.

IT TAKES only a cursory survey of the course of important legislation in recent years to demonstrate the general subserviency of the House to party regularity, to show that its conservatism is handed down from above through the rule of a relentless machine, and that individual initiative is limited to the advocacy of ideas that have been first submitted to the proper people for approval.

No more thorough study is required to reveal that the Senate has, in general, a questioning mind which has not hesitated on many occasions to disagree with Presidents and ruling parties, and which accepts nothing merely because it comes with the weight of authority behind it. The Senate's members may not always make scholarly speeches, but the body as a whole has the scholarly attitude of deliberation and inquiry. The President of the United States wears no halo of authority when he sends it a message. Party platforms are not always Holy Scripture. Party policies do not represent the collective conclusions of all the wise men.

The tempo of the House is business-like, swift. It gets things done. The Senate is slow, verbose, deliberative, inconsistent. It does not always get things done. It is a stage filled with political prima donnas who resent infringements of their power and their prestige with an artist's temperament. The appearance of a machine in any form is invariably met by organized sabotage. Revolt spreads rapidly and is frequently successful. The man who charges against the windmill sometimes wins. The man with a tricky proposal treads a path as treacherous as a glazed trail to the peak of Shasta.

No one who has seen the majority machine jam important legislation through the house under special rules in an hour's time can doubt the futility of opposition. No one who has seen the Senate do the unexpected as often as it does can doubt the encouragement to deliberation and opposition in that body. In the House a bill may be passed before it ever reaches the members' desks. In the Senate it is never passed until voted upon.

But do we hear that the phenomenon is explained much simpler—that the Democrats and those Republicans generally described as "insurgents" control the Senate, but that the House is operated under a substantial Republican majority? The effect, is it said, is the same as though the Senate were Democratic?

Those who adhere to that theory forget that the insurgency in the Senate is personal rather than political. It does not represent, with one or two exceptions, any clearly expressed popular mandate. The same states which send insurgents to the Senate send regular Republicans to the House, where there is no Republican insurgency.

Borah, the Idaho insurgent, represents the same constituency as Thomas, the Idaho regular. Hiram Johnson, the

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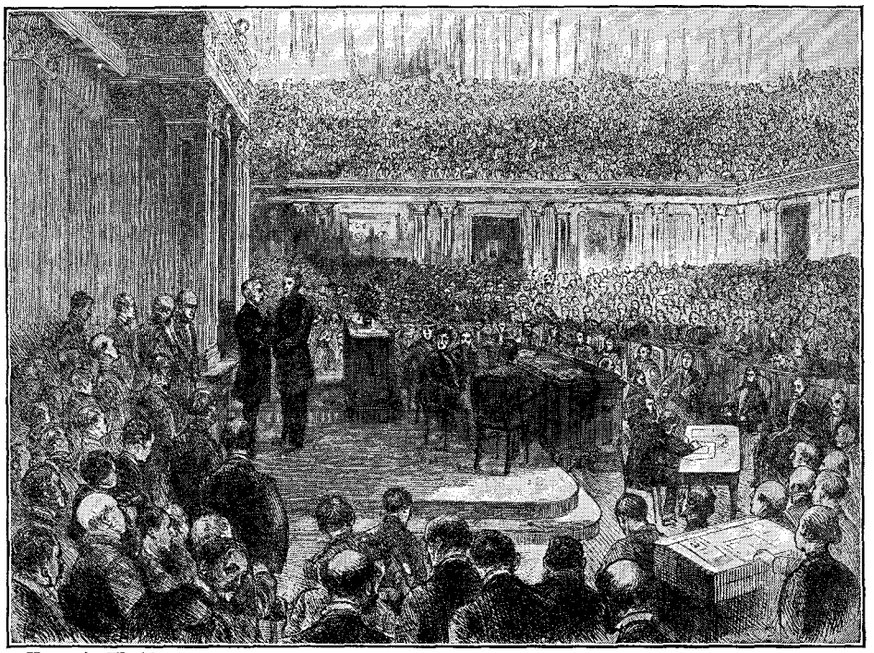
California insurgent, represents the same people as Sam Shortridge, who is so regular that he makes Nicholas Longworth look like a tousle-haired Trotsky. Norris of Nebraska represents the same people as Representatives Sears, Sloan, Johnson and Simmons. It is more the atmosphere of the Senate that makes insurgents than it is the atmosphere of Idaho or California or Nebraska.

The differences in the two houses is perhaps best indicated by the general background and nature of the men who are the leaders of each. While there is no dominant machine in the Senate the men who might be generally classified as leaders (besides the regular Republican and Democratic floor leaders) are Reed, Borah, Norris, and Walsh of Montana. All are listened to with respect and frequently followed by their colleagues. Three of them are intensely liberal.

The house machine is dominated by Speaker Nicholas Longworth, Floor Leader John Q. Tilson, and Bertrand H. Snell, chairman of the all-powerful Rules Committee. None of them has had any extensive political experience outside of Congress. All have been there for years and years and all come from districts whose Republicanism rarely has been questioned. They grew up in Congress through the discipline that it has been customary to impose upon new members, and each holds his job because of seniority and regularity. With each, obedience and conservatism has come to be a habit.

IF ONE CAN accept the word progressive as generally referring to opposition to the established order, without expressing an opinion concerning the merit of the opposition, or as willingness to try something new without necessarily implying its superiority, there are innumerable instances showing the progressivism of the Senate when compared to the House.

Perhaps as outstanding an example as exists is the so-called "lame duck" amendment to the Constitution. Its aim is to make the expressed popular will more immediately effective by having senators and representatives elected at any November election take office the following January 2, and the President the following January 15th. Under the present system the service of members of Congress elected in the Fall of 1930, for example, normally will not begin until December 1931. Thus for months it is possible for a congressional district or a state to be represented by a man who has been repudiated at the polls.



Harper's Weekly

THE SENATE CHAMBER IN 1877
Vice-President Wheeler taking the oath of office

Five times this amendment proposed by Senator Norris has been passed by the Senate; by the House—never once.

The special session this year provided at least two outstanding instances to Senatorial progressivism, the tariff bill and the debenture plan for making the tariff effective upon agricultural products. Both strike at the established condition, which has been virtually undisputed in the Senate, that industry gets a greater advantage from the tariff than does agriculture. The advantage is due to two factors, first, that the rates on industry are generally higher, and second, that the tariff is not effective on those agricultural products of which the United States has an exportable surplus.

The House of Representatives brought forth a tariff bill which increased substantially the protection to industry and increased somewhat less the protection to agriculture. The bill was passed with comparatively few dissenting voices in the House 264 to 147. It was put through under a special rule drafted by the chairman of the Rules Committee, which limited debate to 28 hours, and in effect prohibited the offering of an amendment by any one except the Ways and Means Committee which drafted the measure.

When the bill came to the Senate slight attention was paid to what the House had done. Not even the House hearings before the Ways and Means Committee which had taken four months were accepted. The Senate decided to hold its own hearings and let the representatives of the needy industries come back and state again why they wanted increased protection. The Finance Committee, which the regular Republicans control, made wholesale downward revisions in the House measure and threw it on the floor of the Senate.

There revolt had been organized. On the first test vote the Finance Committee won the right to proceed with its plan by a margin of one vote, 39 to 38. But after the committee reported the Senate started to rewrite the bill once more. It overruled the Finance Committee and President Hoover on the question of presidentially controlled flexibility provisions. The flexibility was retained, but placed in the control of Congress. It attached the debenture plan, so odious to the House and the President. It proceeded to revise the industrial rates further downward and the agricultural rates further upward. The progressive plan of establishing equality between industry and agriculture was approved in the Senate but still faces overwhelming disapproval in the House.

The record of the two branches of Congress on the debenture plan shows also their relative tempers. This new scheme from the Northwest, debatable as its efficacy and wisdom may be, was

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at least an attempt to carry out the Republican platform pledge of equality between agriculture and industry by making the tariff effective on products of which an exportable surplus is produced. It was new and untried, except in Germany. It sought to solve a problem the majority membership of both Houses was pledged to solve, and in the form finally submitted its application was discretionary with the Federal Farm Board rather than mandatory.

The Senate voted first to write it into the farm relief bill. The measure went to a conference committee between the two houses to be put into a form acceptable to both. The House conferees wanted to strike out the debenture plan peremptorily. The Senate conferees refused to do so until the House had taken a vote on the question. If the House voted it down, the Senate conferees offered then to insist no longer. The House conferees' answer to that was simply to walk out of conference. The Senate conferees went back for instructions. The Senate voted by an increased majority to insist on the debenture, at least until House leaders had given their membership a chance for an expression of opinion on the question.

Finally the debenture was submitted in the House and overwhelmingly defeated. Representatives from the northwestern states whose senators had supported the debenture voted against it. Public opinion in their constituencies could not have been so overwhelming that the reason for the Senatorial support of the debenture was political rather than personal.

After this vote the Senate, realizing the futility of further insistence, quickly agreed to the elimination of the debenture and the farm bill was passed without it, the conservative House having refused to place any discretion in the farm board to apply a scheme so radical to American public finance.

Months later when the tariff bill was before the Senate the debenture plan was presented again and passed by the largest majority it has yet received, little impression having been made upon senatorial opinion by the attitude of either the House or President Hoover.

Progressives point to things like these as evidence of a healthy independence in the Senate; reactionaries point to them as evidence of pettiness, of playing politics, of the mental attitude of a whipped schoolboy. There is perhaps some truth in both; some senators are actuated by the one motive, others by the other; but the net result is vigor, forcefulness and liberalism.

The independence of viewpoint crops out almost daily as the groups and individuals veer and sway in debate until it has become axiomatic with the Washington correspondents that "You never can tell what the Senate will do." Many a senator has called up a resolution or a bill at the opening of a session, confident that he had a majority, only to find it wilting and withering in debate until it was lost, or to see some opponent shoot forth an amendment which "clicked" and at least partially changed the effect of his plan.

THE SENATE has shown a far greater liberality than the House on the question of censorship. The House, in drafting the tariff bill this year strengthened the authority reposed in the customs officers to exclude immoral books by adding a provision permitting them to bar also anything advocating forcible resistance to any law of the United States or the infliction of bodily harm upon the President.

Bronson Cutting, who recently came to the Senate from New Mexico, led a fight against the entire provision, and though compelled to compromise at the end, did succeed in inducing the Senate to eliminate the ban on literature except that threatening bodily harm to citizens. The House saw no reason for removing censorship provisions which have been the cause of the exclusion of portions of Balzac, Voltaire, Gautier, and many books written in foreign languages. There are 739 books on the official blacklist now. Some of the contemporary works that are barred include parts of Havelock Ellis and the European editions of *All Quiet on the Western Front*.

In its willingness to undertake investigations no matter where they led or whom they threatened, the Senate has exhibited a liberality in considerable contrast to the House. It is worthy of note that the investigations uncovering the oil scandals were entirely a senatorial affair, although they might logically be expected to have originated in the House which is the impeaching body. Only one move in that direction was ever made there. That was a resolution presented by a northwestern radical carrying impeachment charges against Dougherty, the Attorney General. It was promptly squelched and never came to a vote on the floor.

The Senate, however, pushed the investigation to what appears to have been the limit, but even after the disclosures had been made and while Albert B. Fall was still in office there was no move made to impeach him in the lower branch of Congress.

During the recent special session two important investigations were undertaken by the Senate, although the House had as full an opportunity to inquire if it had had the inquiring mind—the Shearer and the lobby investigations. Both involved elements not pleasant to the administration. Both, it is generally conceded, have accomplished some public good. It is significant, particularly in the case of the lobby inquiry, that the regular Republicans in the Senate made no objection and the resolution authorizing appointment of a committee was passed unanimously, even though it left the selection of that committee to Senator Norris, a Republican who supported Smith a year ago. It required no unusual discernment on the part of the regulars to foresee that the administration would have no control over that committee, and, as a matter of fact, the Caraway investigation has uncovered many things that can easily be made to serve as campaign material against the G.O.P.

Progressives in the Senate regarded it as a signal victory and one demonstrating the liberalism of that body when on the 19th of last June the Senate voted 69 to 5 to change the rules so as to consider all executive business in open session except upon the prevailing of a motion to consider any particular nomination or treaty in closed session. There was a considerable bloc which wanted to pass an unqualified rule to transact all business in open session, but to secure passage of the new rule it was necessary to make the compromise permitting closed sessions in extraordinary cases. Under the present rule, however, the burden of justifying the closed session is placed upon the senator who makes a motion for such a session, and it is significant that since that rule was passed there has been no closed session.

THE ONE subject on which there is little liberality in the Senate is prohibition. When the Anti-Saloon League shouts, senators who are otherwise progressive and liberal jump through the hoops with as much regularity as the old war horses of Wayne

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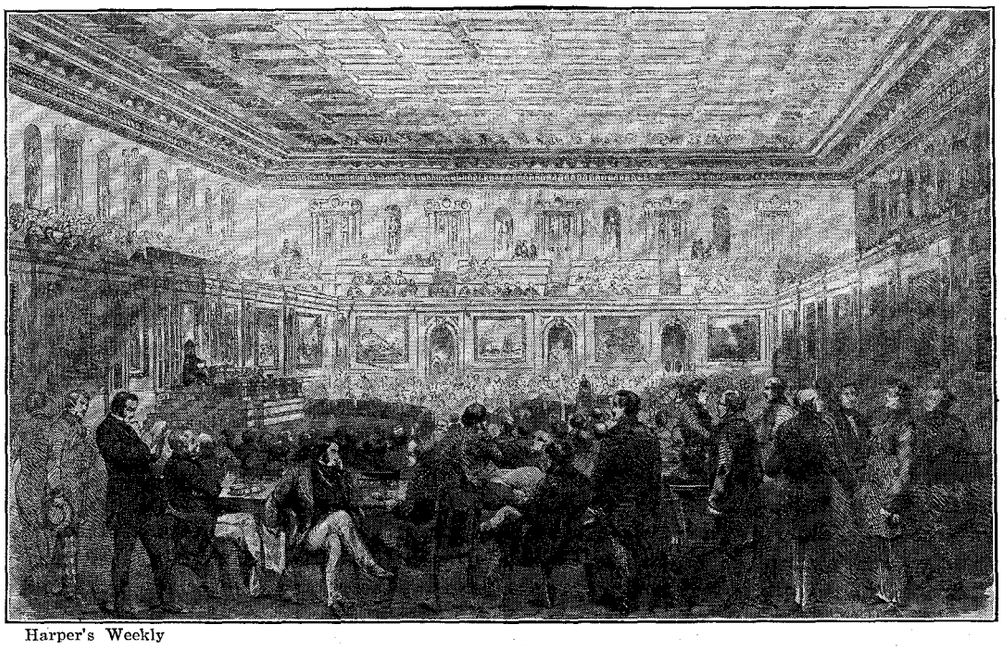
B. Wheeler in the House. The Senate is as fully responsible as any one for the Jones-Stalker law imposing penalties heretofore connected only with burglary, robbery and crimes of that gravity, upon men who manufacture, sell or transport liquor.

One of the Senate's most convincing proofs of its inherent progressivism is its consistent refusal to change its rules in the interest of speed and "business-like" operation. It is the one forum in America where the minority may always secure a hearing and talk as long as any one will listen—or even longer. Charles G. Dawes, when he was Vice President, tried to have the rules changed to facilitate rapid action when there was a clear majority. He failed miserably and was severely spanked for his efforts by Democrats, regular Republicans and progressive Republicans alike. The Senate is proud of the rights of its minorities and not even the regulars were with Dawes, for who knew when they would be in the minority and would want the advantages of enforced delay possible under unlimited debate on any subject which a senator wishes to discuss?

One has only to note the contrasts in the procedure of the two houses to see reasons for a basic difference in their attitudes. The Senate, by the freedom of its rules, gives a chance for progressive thought to make suggestions, debate them as long as it wishes, force a vote upon them, and compel members to stand up and say yes or no. The House rules are such that any except machine-made proposals have very little chance of ever rising from the ground. If they do rise their flights are short and usually end in a crash in some committee room so far removed that the sound of the impact is not even heard.

There are two differences in the rules of the two houses that are fundamental, and several others that are contributory in shaping the character of thought that predominates. The fundamental differences are the closely restricted debate in the House contrasted with discussions in the Senate—unlimited in length, except, for all practical purposes, by unanimous consent. The second is the practice of passing all important bills in the House under a special rule drafted by the majority leadership. This frequently restricts to members of the committee the right to submit amendments; allows a certain set time for debate, often only one hour; and gives control of all that time to the chairman of the committee and the ranking minority member, so that no one can obtain the floor even for one minute unless the leaders are willing to yield him time. Consequently, legislation in the House is in a formative and plastic state only in the committee room, while in the Senate it is plastic until the final roll call.



Harper's Weekly

An old print of the Hall of Representatives

The formative nature of a bill during debate on the floor is important because when members know there is only the faintest chance for an amendment to be successful they will not spend the time in study of the subject that is necessary to the proposal of intelligent revisions.

The attitude of members on national legislation that involves their districts only indirectly is that the committee is responsible and that if the House bill is not all right the Senate will fix it anyway. I have personally heard members of the House, when confronted with an objection to a bill, say "The Senate will probably work that out." The brevity of most debate in the House also discourages very seriously any study of legislation outside of the committee to which it was referred. If a man not a member of the committee has a real suggestion it is frequently impossible for him to get sufficient time to explain it to the House in any intelligible way and to answer questions that may exist about it in the minds of others.

A study of the special rules promulgated to cover 36 of the most important bills passed in the House during the 70th Congress and the special session of the 71st beginning in April, 1929, shows that the general debate by the 435 members on one of these bills was limited to 30 minutes, on 18 of them to one hour, on one to an hour and a half, on three to two hours, on four to three hours, on two to five hours, on one to six hours, on one to eight hours, and on two to twelve hours.

On the general farm relief bill three days with sessions five hours long were allowed for debate by the special rule and on the tariff bill with its 21,000 items—a bill much longer than most "long" books— the Rules Committee, in its generosity, allowed the debate to run along for several days during which amendments were not in order. It then put out a special rule limiting the time allowed any member on amendments to five minutes, restricted amendments to those proposed by the committee, provided that the vote on all amendments should be taken *en gross* except when a separate vote was demanded by the Committee on Ways and Means, and limited the time for proposing, debating, and voting on amendments to five hour days and three hours on the sixth day. That is 28 hours altogether, 1680

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Oxford Is Rather Better

An Englishman Reacts to Yale

By H. L. PUXLEY

It is not merely "the pint of good old college ale" at dinner which the Oxford man attending Yale misses. He longs for the community of interest possible in the small colleges of Oxford or Cambridge; the devotion to sport for sport's sake. Mr. Puxley, who graduated from Oxford and is now at Yale, looks with a friendly eye at the two institutions. He has, it would seem, his doubts about Yale

LIKE most of my contemporaries at Oxford, I had pictured Yale as a mixture of the scenes and activities depicted in *Good News, College Days,* and one or two other stage and screen shows. What were my reactions upon my first arrival in New Haven? Quite frankly, I was surprised to find the atmosphere within the university precincts so little different from the admittedly staid atmosphere of Oxford. Of course, the campus is something to which Oxford has no parallel. The idea of centering all the activities of the university in one locality is foreign to the spirit of Oxford, and consequently the Yale campus wears an air of openness and busy coming and going which stands in marked contrast to the quiet seclusion of an Oxford college. Oxford has its business offices separate from the colleges in which the individual students "live, and move, and have their being." Largely as a result of this, there has never arisen in Oxford a locality which the majority of the students pass and repass many times a day. Each college is the focus of the life of its individual members, who enter other colleges only occasionally in order to visit a friend or attend a lecture. Although I spent the usual three years at Oxford, there are still four colleges that I have never visited in my life. I remark on this in order to emphasize the fact that Oxford and Cambridge are both a collection of separate entities—the colleges—rather than one university with only one real core, the campus. It is this fact that gives to Yale that air of activity which an Oxford man does not associate with any part of his university. Footballs may be kicked and thrown in a way which would be considered sacrilegious in "Tom Quad," the main court of Christ Church.

Yale does possess an institution, the Harkness Memorial Quadrangle, which brings back a breath of home to the heart of the Oxford graduate. Within its massive walls one breathes a different air from that in which the noisy traffic circulates in New Haven's crowded streets. Just so, the subdued hum of the buses in Oxford High Street murmurs vaguely in the ears of the in-college undergraduate as if it arose from a different world, a world in which the odes of Horace would be as hard to read as to write. If only the half-paneled walls of the rooms in Harkness wore a more genuine and less artificial air of age, one could see the forms of Odysseus or Penelope in the flames of the wood fire as easily as in any rooms in Magdalen Cloisters. That the American undergraduate appreciates the seclusion of intramural buildings as much as the Englishman is evident from the fact that Harkness is the goal of all Yale undergraduates. I had a glimpse of the novel aspect such an experiment still bears in American eyes when an undergraduate asked me if we had any similar buildings in Oxford. I could not refrain from telling him that except for the model of Wrexham church tower, which sprouts out of one of the walls of Harkness to commemorate the home of Eli Yale, the Quadrangle is modeled entirely on some of the buildings which have adorned Oxford and Cambridge for five or six centuries.

Nevertheless, even if he is lucky enough to obtain a room in Harkness, the Oxford graduate at Yale still misses a vague something in the atmosphere of his surroundings, a something which can perhaps best be described as the fraternal spirit. Largely because of their small size, for the average Oxford college contains only 170 men, these institutions inspire their members with a feeling of brotherhood and intimacy which could hardly be expected in an American university where the whole student body comprises one entity.

The absence of a common eating place is perhaps the hardest blow to the lonely English graduate going to an American university. Apart from singing together, there is nothing that brings men socially closer to one another than eating and drinking together, and many close friendships have originated at the freshmen's table in the college dining-hall. From the moment a boy first goes to Oxford, he is thrown into contact with his college mates once, twice, or three times a day at the regular mealtime hours. Here it is that he learns to imbibe the college spirit with his pint of old college ale in a way impossible in the vast "Commons" dining-hall at Yale. Of course, fraternities have done something to fill this gap in the social life of American universities, but only a minority of the students attain to the privileges of membership. In any case, fraternities are essentially clubs, and the influence upon their members could hardly be so great as the influence of a college upon the students whose whole interests are concentrated therein.

As regards athletics also, the attitude of the average American undergraduate is entirely different from that of an Englishman. This attitude seems to be mainly due to the professional spirit which pervades American sport in general, and which at a university expresses itself in the feeling that no game is worth playing except with the single intent to win at all costs, including the actual financial costs involved in hiring a professional coach; without of course descending to foul play. This means that the university has not time to bother itself with any but those who may some day represent it at some sport. The result is, broadly speaking, that only enough games are organized to occupy these few. I say "broadly speaking," because the organization of class games undoubtedly includes men whose chances of making a varsity team are remote.

Nevertheless, there is very little incentive to the gamester of poor or moderate ability to join any particular games club. At Oxford recruits are vigorously solicited at the beginning of

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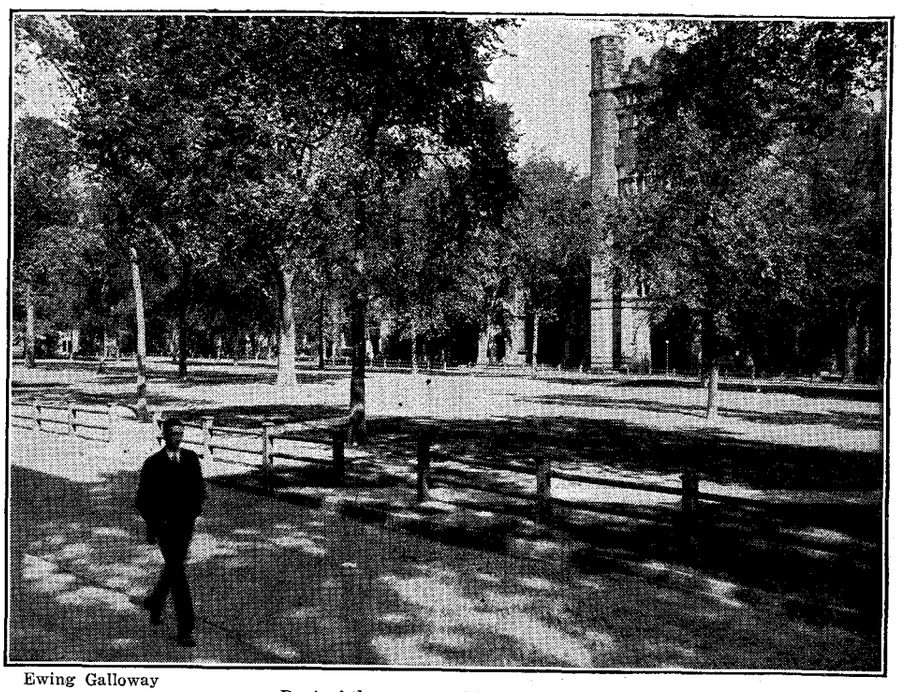
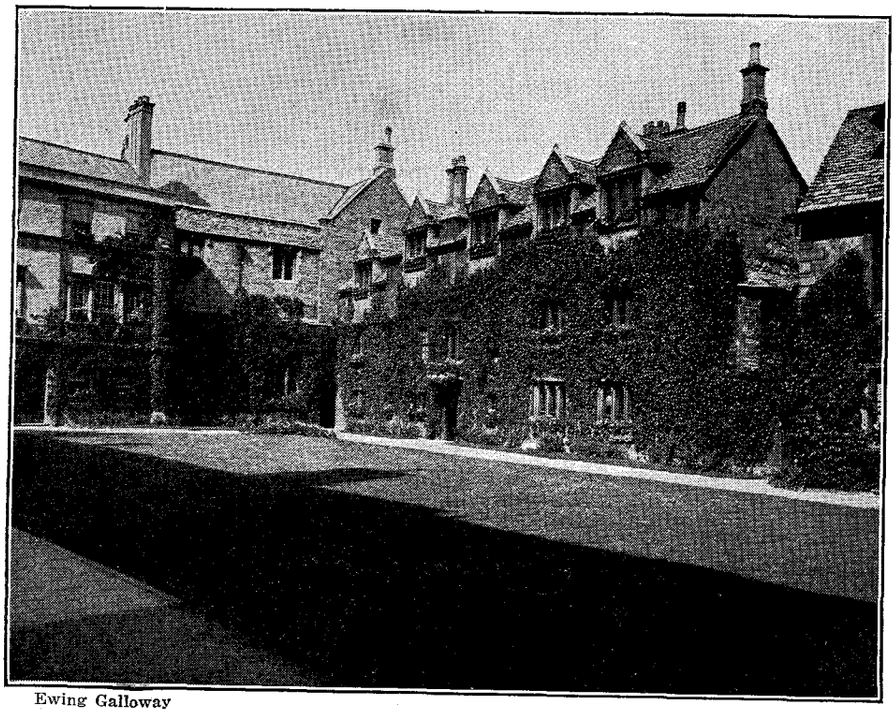
each year for the various games clubs by their respective captains and secretaries. The freshman's social standing in the college is seriously damaged if he declines to join one of the clubs, and this also prevents him from quitting his club at any time of his career. The fraternal spirit gains considerable impetus from this tradition. It is felt that nearly every member of the college is doing his bit towards advancing its reputation in the athletic sphere, and all have this common interest very much to the fore in their minds. Thus, if two college mates meet in the quad, the most usual topic of conversation is, "What sort of game did you have yesterday?" or "How's the boat going these days?" And casual conversations are always the best test of community of interest.

In the face of all these reflections, the Oxford man is surprised that so much opposition has been aroused in Yale by the projected "house plan," which seeks to establish a number of houses as the focus of the life of the individual undergraduate on the same lines as the colleges at Oxford. The opposition, which is typical of American views on college life, is two-fold; the first attack comes from those who extol the class as the social unit of the university and see its disappearance as such under the new system; the second finds its adherents among ardent admirers of the fraternity system. This opposition shows what American universities deem should be the size of their social institutions; the class with its membership running into four figures, or the fraternity which seldom runs into three. These stand in marked contrast to the size of the Oxford college with its 170 men. I am no doubt biased, but I should boldly say that if the "house plan" were introduced in all its fullness, concentrating all the activities of the undergraduate, his eating, sleeping, playing, in one institution, Yale would find herself amply repaid for anything that she might lose. Yale men would discover that side of college life so characteristic of the English universities, for the majority the most important treasure that Oxford and Cambridge have to offer, the opportunity of free and intimate intercourse with a number of other men of the same age, but with varying interests, tastes, and standards, an opportunity which is unattainable at any other time of life.



Ewing Galloway

Part of the campus, Yale University



Ewing Galloway

The quiet seclusion of an Oxford college

In the academic sphere, the contrast between Yale and Oxford is more pronounced than in the social field. I remember being impressed when I first went to Oxford with the fact that such a large proportion of the undergraduates worked hard, although under no compulsion to do so. Yet in this very freedom lies the clue to the industry of the average Oxford undergraduate. Free at the outset to select the branch of study in which he will specialize, he chooses a branch which holds some attraction for him already. Then finding himself free to attend no lectures at all if he does not wish, yet feeling himself under an obligation to do at least a decent minimum of work, he starts investigating in his own way the line of his particular branch of study that interests him most. He sees his tutor once or twice a week, when he is expected to produce some tangible results of his study, and on those occa-

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The Trend of Events

'Ware Count Karolyi

COUNT MICHAEL KAROLYI has arrived in the United States, but our fundamental institutions still stand. The way it looks now, they may still be standing after the Count has said his say and left us. If they aren't, if the Count pushes them over, let no one blame the Woman Patriot Publishing Company. The Patriot Company opposed his admission bitterly.

Why? Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister, is why. On his recent visit to the United States, says the Patriot Company, Premier MacDonald may have requested that "his Socialist 'comrade,' Count Karolyi," no longer be excluded from America. The Administration may have acceded, not realizing what MacDonald was up to. Not realizing that Karolyi's lecture tour "may be expected not only to make trouble among foreign groups in America's basic industries, but also to decrease American production of coal, steel, etc., in competition with British industry." Not realizing that it may "increase friction between the United States and Fascist Italy." Not realizing that Premier MacDonald "believes the United States a most natural field for revolutionary forces and violence, sabotage, etc."

The Administration may not have realized that MacDonald had just concluded an agreement with Russia stipulating that "Communist propaganda was to stop—in England." May not have realized how natural it would be for MacDonald, forced to recognize Russia by his own radical followers, to "aid the Communists somewhat to carry their propaganda to other countries in exchange for modifying or ceasing in England." But the Woman Patriot Publishing Company realized all these things and sent a communication about them to Secretary of Labor Davis. Its message makes a comical fantasy which is all the better for having been written in deadly earnest. No one who reads it can hereafter succumb to the temptation to take the Woman Patriot Publishing Company too seriously.

Tuberculosis Clue

BOTH PHYSICIANS and sufferers would like to know whether Dr. William Charles White, chairman of a national committee directing tuberculosis research work, has mapped out a way toward a cure for tuberculosis or has merely described another one of those things. Unfortunately, the knowledge is probably in the possession of no one.

Keystone

WARRIOR FOR PEACE
General Jan Christiaan Smuts speaks for the League of Nations

So called cures for tuberculosis appear as rapidly as they disappear. Those who follow such matters may be pardoned if they smile skeptically at Dr. White's statements before the Des Moines Convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Yet the time probably will come when even the case-hardened cynic must be surprised, and if he is a sufferer, pleasantly surprised.

What appears to have been discovered is that the tuberculosis germ generates a sugar substance—not table sugar; the chemist has a whole series of compounds of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen which he calls generically "sugars"—and that this sugar acts as a kind of link between the germ and the infected cell. The plan is to get at the sugar, break the link, and cure the disease. Thus far, it is hardly more than a plan.

In placing before laymen such hopes as Dr. White placed before scientists possessing the special technical background to assess their worth, a journal assumes the responsibility of making clear to its readers that medical discoveries seldom become quickly available to the public. Insulin, which soon passed from the laboratory to the drug store counter, was an exception. Most discoveries require years of patient research and of subsequent standardization before they are ready for the consumer.

Science and War

BRISK IN MANNER, ruddy of face, General Jan Christiaan Smuts came to the United States not only to sing the praises of the League of Nations but to participate in the celebration of its founding ten years ago. The former Prime Minister of South Africa, whose eloquent earnestness made him an outstanding figure in the Clemenceau-Wilson-Lloyd George group at Versailles, tactfully declared that it is up to the United States to decide for itself whether or not it will join the League. His own faith in the League is unbounded; that many Americans share it was demonstrated by the number who listened to him sympathetically, sitting before loudspeakers or at mass-meetings and banquets.

An even greater number listened sympathetically to his remarks on war. A soldier who led the Boers in their stubborn resistance to British imperialism, he expresses an almost sentimental regret over the disappearance of the "gentlemanly" warfare of the last century. Modern scientific warfare, substituting bacteria and gas for musket and sabre, horrifies him. He cannot believe that the world will again be so

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"lunatic" as to permit conflicts involving not merely armies but entire populations, although he confesses that relatively minor embroglios like that between China and Russia will not be im-

ARRIVAL
W. R. Burnett whose "Iron Man" is Book-of-the-Month Club choice for January

mediately outlawed. The abolition of the warfare which applied science has made possible General Smuts expects to come about through such international agencies as the League, the enlightenment of those who carry on the trade of the world, and public opinion in general.

In his presidential address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Robert A. Millikan asserted that science itself is an antidote for war. Pointing out that for every contribution science makes to war it makes ten to peace, he decried loose generalizations holding science responsible for most of the ills of present-day life. In his opinion, more than almost any other influence science has diverted human thought from war to peace, has made tranquil living seem more desirable than excited pugnacity.

From differing standpoints Dr. Millikan and General Smuts reach the same conclusions, namely, that without doubt war is ceasing to exert a fascination superior to the fascination exerted by peace, and that to a large extent this change in attitude must be attributed to science.

▶▶*Riding High*

W. R. Burnett's first novel, *Little Caesar,* has gone to 100,000 copies. *Iron Man,* his second, promises to go even further. The first was the choice of the Literary Guild for June, 1929; the second was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club for January, 1930. For a young writer—he was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1899—that's doing pretty well.

The customary years of unrewarded struggle and worry are over. There were six or seven such years, spent without encouragement while he worked as a statistician in the Ohio Department of Industrial Relations by day, writing for the waste basket at night. The urge to write seems to have gripped him during his semester of irregular attendance at Ohio State University's College of Journalism. Previously, while he wore the uniform of the Miami Military Institute, or, earlier, attended public school in Springfield, Dayton, and Columbus, he was less taken with literature than with athletics, in particular with boxing.

What with Gene Tunney quoting Shakespeare and chumming with Shaw and Walpole; what with Ernest Hemingway, Morley Callaghan, Jim Tully, and now Mr. Burnett, boxing and writing of boxing—what with this and what with that, beautiful letters and the prize ring seem about to merge. Soon, doubtless, prizefights will be fought in volumes, books will be written in rounds, and garlands will be notched to fit over cauliflower ears. Though, really, Mr. Burnett's part in the Blowdeo appears to have been overemphasized. He boxed some at the Military Academy and he is still a fight fan, but he long ago hung up his gloves.

He is of the Hemingway school, but sits in a different recitation room. There are several dissimilarities as well as similarities in their styles. Like Hemingway, he spends careful months revising, polishing, stripping off superfluities, though he writes his first drafts quickly. He got the middleweight champion, Iron Man, on paper in five weeks. He sticks doggedly to his central purpose, avoiding temptations to moralize. He has a striking knack for authentic detail. Both the individual characters in, and the general atmosphere of, *Little Caesar,* that saga of Rico, the killer, are immediately convincing.

He lives in Los Angeles; enjoys the climate. He was married at the age of twenty-one. Conventionally, he likes biography, home-cooked food, vaudeville, music, dogs, and cats. He has few eccentricities or none at all.

▶▶*Big Man*

Amazingly enough, Primo Carnera, Italian heavyweight who will spend the next six months or so in the United States, doesn't seem to go in for literature much. Primo, they say, goes in for art. Anyhow, that's what they say. Louis Berings, French cartoonist and member of the fighter's entourage, is nurturing his talent for drawing. We have the word of one of his managers that drawing is Primo's favorite pastime, "and he can draw swell."

If Mr. Carnera is expressing himself in art, he must be doing some big things. From crown to toe, he measures 6 feet 8½ inches. He weighs, says one reporter, 284 pounds; he weighs, says another reporter, 287. He carries a walking stick, says one reporter, weighing fifteen pounds; a walking stick, says another, weighing thirty-two pounds. Some hold out for the view that Primo

Keystone

BIGGEST BOXER
Primo Carnera, Italian heavyweight, bidding for crown renounced by Gene Tunney

is not fed but stoked with a shovel, that it takes three chefs to make bread for him, and that he didn't run away from home but simply outgrew it.

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What is perhaps less arguable is that Primo is twenty-three years old, wears size twenty-one collar, has most of his clothes made to order, pays $7.50 to have his shoes soled, sleeps in especially constructed beds, and was exempted from military service because the Italian army just couldn't be bothered with any one so big. His advisers seem anxious to remember that the world has always liked stories of giants and that America, which fathered the Paul Bunyan mythology, likes them particularly. The northwest lumberman, Paul Bunyan, it may be recalled, cut down all South Dakota's forests single handed to provide a pasture for Babe the Blue Ox, and was so big (the Great Lakes are his footprints) that as a child he rocked in a cradle made like a boat and anchored off the coast of Maine.

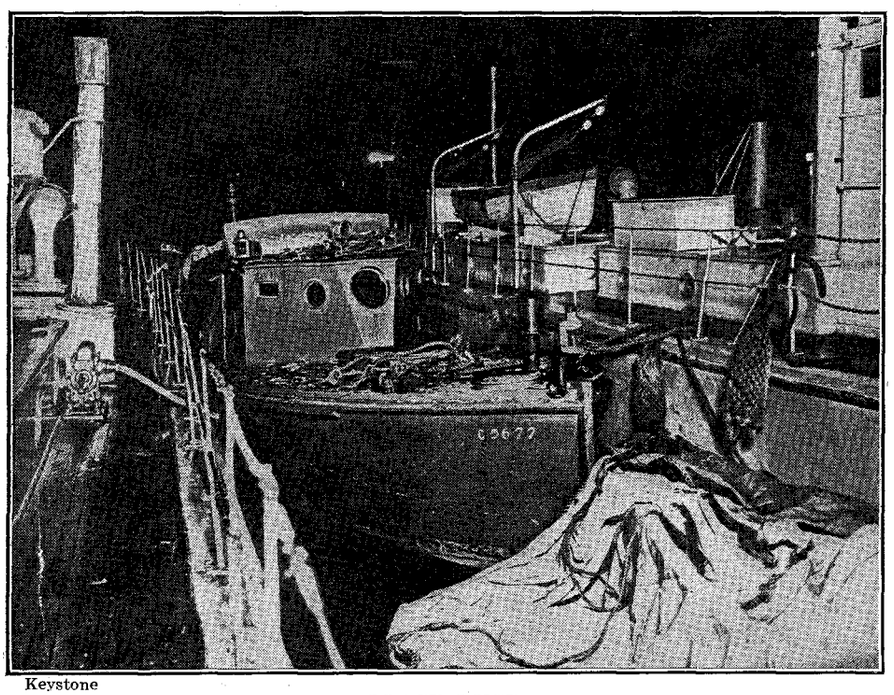
With Primo's size and his art to go on, his press-agents should do well by him. Trust them to laugh off the old proverb that the bigger they are the harder they fall. Trust them to minimize the fact that, though Primo has won seventeen of his nineteen fights, he met defeat at the hands of a pugilist well known below the Mason-Dixon line as W. L. (Young) Striblin'.

▸▸*Sauce for the Gander*

Looking to home, Henry and Edsel Ford smile with satisfaction. The new Ford cars are out, with their deeper radiators, streamline moulding, roomier interiors, smaller wheels, larger tires, and prettier colors. Confident that America will approve their product, father and son announce plans to spend $30,000,000 for plant developments during the year 1930.

Looking abroad, however, the Fords see a cloud which, presently no bigger than a man's hand, is potentially as destructive. France is threatening to triple, perhaps quadruple, her tariff rates on automobile parts and to jack up those on complete cars to ninety per cent. She may simply be making gestures intended to impress Senators who are rewriting the American tariff bill. But on the other hand she may not be.

Theoretically, the new tariff rates would apply to all foreign cars and parts, though the fact is that America provides most of those which find their way into France. The two firms which would be most affected by the new duties are, as might be expected, Ford and General Motors. The latter makes seventy-five per cent of the completed American cars imported by France; the former has a plant outside Paris in which it assembles parts shipped from America and Ireland. If the new rates were adopted, it would apparently be necessary for both to manufacture in France or stay out of the French market. Furthermore, should other nations follow where France led, America's export trade might suffer severely.



Keystone

BLACK DUCK
Rum-running speedboat C 5677 on which three men were killed

And who is the American responsible for persuading France to reconsider? Who but former-Senator, now Ambassador, Edge, long an advocate of sky-high American tariff rates? To him goes the embarrassing job of insisting that what was all right for America is all wrong for France. His plight should graphically illustrate to his former senatorial colleagues the dangers of too stiff tariff schedules for a nation which, like the United States, grows steadily more dependent on her foreign trade. It is probable that the pending tariff bill is the last which will be written without anxious consideration of possible effects on our foreign markets.

▸▸*Coast Guarding*

Sunday, December 29, was a busy day for Coast Guardsmen operating out of New London, Connecticut. The patrol boat 231 pounced on the rum-runner Roamer, sent the crew scurrying over the side, and towed the prize back to New London. The patrol boat Legare bore down on the rum-runner Flor del Mar, chased away the crew, and likewise took home its catch. The patrol boat 290 sighted the rum-runner C-5677, or Black Duck, sprayed it with machine-gun bullets, killing three men, wounding a fourth, and also returned to New London. So much for one Sabbath Day as observed in coastal waters of the northeast.

This strenuous work seems to have made the Coast Guardsmen thirsty. Some of them, it is charged, stole liquor from the confiscated cargoes, grew riotously drunk, and demonstrated their strength and skill in a series of fist-fights. Several of the Guardsmen, in fact, were promptly court-martialed.

Unfortunately for the Coast Guard, this little holiday-season incident had wide reverberations. Rear Admiral Billard, commandant of the Guard, saw nothing to grow disturbed about in the Black Duck contretemps. Neither did Secretary Mellon, who found that "all reports indicate that everything was regular and that the Coast Guard was justified in what it did." Neither did Assistant Secretary Lowman, who described the loss of life as "unfortunate but unavoidable." All three may be right, though it is noteworthy that prohibition enforcement heads are uncommonly eager to excuse their subordinates.

Yet not every one was convinced of the necessity of riddling the Black Duck

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and killing three of the crew in order to prevent its escape. In Boston, for example, Coast Guard recruiting posters were kicked to pieces after a mass meeting in Faneuil Hall which protested violently against whitewashing criminal acts in the interest of enforcing an "unpopular, unnecessary, and stupid law." Even discounting this evidence, it is plain that public sentiment toward the Coast Guard has been rapidly changing ever since Guardsmen have attempted to enforce prohibition. The unpleasant fact is that this service, once nationally admired for its gallant traditions, is now widely regarded with suspicion and even contempt.

➤➤*Steps on the Surface*

THE PROHIBITION CONTROVERSY which has been bubbling in official Washington boiled over when Senator Borah declared that the dry law never would be enforced "with the present personnel from top to bottom." Coming from prohibition's chief advocate, this was a serious statement. It not only stirred up a tumult in Congress, but set the Administration to placating the Senator and demonstrating that bettered enforcement lies very near its heart.

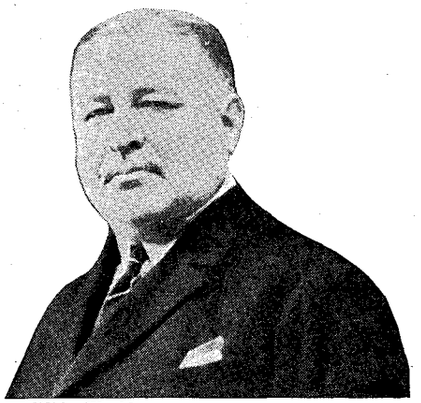
If the present personnel is unsatisfactory from top to bottom, says Senator Brookhart, off with the heads of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, Under Secretary Mills, Assistant Secretary Lowman, and Prohibition Commissioner Doran. The Administration will hardly go so far. In improving personnel it will probably content itself with such moves as that by Attorney General Mitchell to determine whether certain District Attorneys should be reappointed. Answering protests that the diversion of industrial alcohol to bootleggers is scandalous, Prohibition Commissioner Doran is tentatively ordering a fifteen per cent cut in its production during the fiscal year 1930-31. Moreover, the Department of Justice is asking the Supreme Court to rule that under certain circumstances the buyer of liquor is guilty of conspiracy.

Mr. Hoover's plan to centralize enforcement in the Department of Justice will probably be recommended by the Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission to the prohibition reorganization committee of House and Senate members requested by the President. The Wickersham Commission is also reported to favor unifying the border patrol, codifying dry statutes, and eliminating congestion of the courts. Senator Jones some days ago predicted that the Commission would not deal with the wisdom of the 18th Amendment but simply with the best possible means of enforcing it.

That is to say, with superficialities. None of these steps gets us any nearer to the fundamentals of the prohibition problem. Possessing little general interest, they seem of still less practical importance. Even if all of them are taken, they will probably make no striking difference in the enforcement of a law that after ten years has proved itself virtually unenforceable.

➤➤*Daudet Pardoned*

ONE DAY, about two years ago, the keeper of the Santé Prison in Paris received a telephone call. Minister of the Interior speaking. Was M. Léon Daudet still incarcerated? Then release him at once. Not far distant, in the office of the Royalist *L'Action Française,* a group of grinning young men applauded their companion's impersonation of the Minister of the Interior, that fat-headed republican. While Paris laughed at the Minister's discomfiture, Daudet, disguised as a priest, slipped across the border into Belgium. The French Government declared him an exile for life.



Wide World

FORGIVEN

Leon Daudet, pardoned by French government, back in Paris

From Brussels he continued his violent attacks on everything the Third Republic holds sacred. M. Daudet never could keep quiet. As co-editor of the *L'Action Française* and leader of the political group which yearns to restore the monarchy, he has been as troublesome as the entire Communist bloc. Daudet used to favor the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church until the Pope placed his newspaper on the Index and threatened to excommunicate its readers, a move rather embarrassing to the Camelots du Roi who had been hawking it after mass.

Personification of a lost cause, he has none of the mellowness often associated with men dominated by a chivalric ideal. In a land much given to political vituperation, he is known for his scalding style. He had learned to shriek and defame when Anatole France, Zola, and Clemenceau were defending Dreyfus, and he later shrieked against Malvy and Caillaux as defeatists and traitors. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1919, he talked as blisteringly as he wrote, and shouts of "A Charenton" (the Paris madhouse), instead of enraging, pleased him.

His peculiar virulence has been described as "a sub-species of genius." It was because of his libelous articles against the driver of the taxicab in which his beloved son was found dead, a suicide, that he was committed to prison, but not before the Camelots du Roi, barricaded in the newspaper office, had defied the police to attack them. When troops were summoned, Daudet surrendered.

Now he is back in Paris, forgiven by the Government, welcomed by his faithful followers. Not many take his program seriously, but many read his attacks and fear his pen. All Paris is wondering what Daudet will do next.

➤➤*Wunderkinder*

POSSIBLY THE MAJORITY of his New York audience watched young Yehudi Menuhin more curiously than kindly as he crossed the stage and tuned his fiddle. The thirteen-year-old prodigy was returning after some months of study and concert-playing abroad. Would the boy wonder of last season, as one critic said, prove, this season, to be only a boy? Menuhin appears to have quieted the doubters with the first few strokes of his bow. The report is that he has profited from his European studies and that he is still a *wunderkind.*

It is natural and often justifiable to regard child prodigies of all sorts skeptically. The temptation is to dismiss them sourly as children who are "pushed" and exploited by itchy-palmed parents and who will come to an obscure end. Surely it is not a democratic Creator who places some infants squarely on that doorstep of fame which others must toil for a lifetime to approach.

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Moreover, the thing looks spooky. The idea of a child of ten years or so possessing not only mature technical skill but mature mental and emotional capacities

Wide World

PRODIGY
Yehudi Menuhin, boy violinist, still winning acclaim

smacks disquietingly of the theory of reincarnation.

Yet it happens. There was, as who will not hasten to point out, Mozart. There were Beethoven and Paganini. There were DaVinci and Rembrandt; Pope, Byron, and Keats. There is Menuhin and there is his nine-year-old rival, Ruggiero Ricci, who rode out of California last October to electrify New York with a violin hardly smaller than himself. These two are not mere cleverly-coached youngsters shunted prematurely into the limelight by ambitious elders. They are artists in their own right. Whether normal childhood years of spinach-eating, roller-skating, and smoking behind the barn would make better musicians of them in later life is a question everyone can speculate on and no one can answer.

▶▶*Extra!*

Not infrequently a little thing may quite effectively alter the entire process of the nation's daily awakening. Thus:

The society of Directors of Physical Education in Colleges recently held a meeting. A report was read expressing the combined opinion of the society's 124 members that setting-up exercises, daily dozens, and the like "contribute little of social, psychological, safety, or recreational value and add very little to the physical development of their adherents." One hundred and twenty-four physical educators cannot all be wrong.

Immediately the message spread, telephone, wireless, radio, telegraph—all the miraculous devices uniting the civilized world—carried the word along. Presses roared, locomotives whistled; simultaneously, at dawn, the news in black and white, with the ink still moist, reached tenements, palaces, alleys, suburban homes, office buildings, penthouses, jails, hospitals, hotels, and a few ships setting out to sea. Daily dozens are no use. Contribute little of social, psychological, safety, or recreational value. Add very little to the physical development of their adherents.

Ten thousand people refused to believe it. These arose with a bound, drew the knees sharply up to the chin, touched the floor with the palms of the hands, stepped under cold showers, took brisk rub-downs, brushed the teeth with a vertical motion, gargled, and bit into apples. Nine million people slept through their alarm clocks. Ten million were just going to bed. Half a million lived in the polar regions where it is usually night anyway. In China it was already evening of the same day. Five thousand Americans who had never bothered to take up mah jong, Ask Me Another, cross word puzzles, ping pong, anagrams, Yo-Yo, yeast, Coüeism, calories, or daily dozens, laughed heartily. One hundred million Americans, who had always planned to get up that morning and start doing the daily dozen regularly, heard, wept with joy and relief, closed the windows, and went back to bed for a nap.

▶▶*Among Those Presents*

Zealously guarded against stray anti-Fascist bullets, the royal Belgian train wound its way from Brussels to Rome. Zealously packed in the royal train were several vanloads of gifts stored there before Marie José and her party set out. There was the trousseau, of course, and the linen, some of it delicately colored, with lingerie and negligées to match. There was the celebrated handmade bedspread from the people of Belgium and the jewelled pendant from the city of Paris. There was the statuette of Louvain University's patron saint from Marie's fellow-students. There were the furs from President and Mrs. Hoover.

Surely Crown Prince Humbert of Italy and his bride will have enough wedding presents to set up housekeeping on. With Italy trying to outdo Belgium and Belgium trying to outdo Italy, the gifts mounted high, in spite of Prince Humbert's request to Italians not to send presents, but to dedicate the money to charity. They ranged all the way from diamond diadems to hams and sausages.

When the honeymoon is over and the young couple, settling down in their new quarters, start putting things around, there are bound to be awkward moments.

Keystone

QUEEN-TO-BE
Princess Marie Jose, bride of Crown Prince Humbert of Italy

Where is the 300-piece crystal dinner set from the diplomatic corps at Brussels to be stored, and the 415-piece Sèvres service from President Doumerge

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of France? How about the four blooded horses which were given to the Prince by the Hungarian Government? Imagine all the Italian bric-a-brac, leather, and glassware. And lace. All very well for a bride to come from a lace-making country, but what, after the finger-bowl doilies are put away, does one do with lace?

Consider the inevitable number of salt cellars, impossibly small ash trays, silver cocktail shakers, lemon forks, book-ends, clocks, sets of classics, pictures, and lamps. Certainly Il Duce, with his genius for management can do no less than present Humbert and Marie with a store-house for duplicates.

The White Paper

IT HAS LONG been Great Britain's practice to interfere with neutral commerce capable of aiding the enemy. When, however, Britain signed the optional clause of the World Court statute—which compels her to submit legal disputes to that tribunal for settlement—she seemed to leave the cherished practice to the judgment of the World Court, which might uphold it, or might uphold the American demand for freedom of the seas. To satisfy British objectors, the MacDonald Government therefore wrote the recently-published White Paper, declaring that among members of the League of Nations there can be no neutrals in wartime, hence no neutral rights at sea, and hence no protest against British interference with commerce capable of aiding the enemy.

Newspaper correspondents were given to understand that this argument applied not only to League members but also to signers of the war-renouncing Pact of Paris, including the United States. As a result of this interpretation, America immediately, and angrily, pricked up her ears. Thereupon Great Britain, retreating, declared that the White Paper did not mean what the correspondents said it meant, they declaring furthermore that it dealt solely with members of the League of Nations. This is to say that seasoned correspondents failed to substantiate their interpretations of the White Paper in official British quarters, which seems quite unlikely.

Secretary of State Stimson, having studied the White Paper, promptly accepted the belated British explanation. The British argument on neutrality would not apply to signers of the Pact, he said. The Pact, he pointed out, depends solely on public opinion; unlike the League Covenant, it does not provide for forceful joint action by its signatories against aggressors. The intimation is that the United States might even consent to trade with the Pact's violators.

That America would take this position has seemed probable, despite the plain absurdity of pledging the nations to keep the peace and then assisting them when they fight. If we were determined not to trade with warring nations there would be no necessity for the Capper resolution against exporting articles for use in war to aggressors, or for the Porter resolution against exporting them to any belligerent. Both resolutions seek to put teeth in the Pact. They wouldn't if such teeth were already there.

Apparently France had hoped that the United States would enter a political arrangement based on the Pact in return for French consent to naval reduction. France, too, wants teeth inserted, even if they amount to nothing more than an agreement among the Pact's signatories to confer in the event of violation. Secretary Stimson's statement does not indicate that the United States will consent. Washington all too vividly remembers the consequences of its interference in the dispute between Russia and China.

Remarkable Remarks

Such deficiencies as exist in Prohibition are not due to lack of will to enforce the law.—ATTORNEY GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL.

Senator Borah demanded strict enforcement and the coast guard laid four dead men at his feet.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

War to me is a very dignified thing, a very highbrow affair.—GENERAL JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS.

I believe God made us the most influential nation in the world for a purpose.—MAJOR GENERAL SMEDLEY BUTLER.

I am a terrible politician.—"JIMMY" WALKER.

Rushing out to one party after another, feeling that you haven't any responsibilities because you're a married woman—that point of view seems really childish to me.—FLORENCE TRUMBULL COOLIDGE.

The women I most enjoy are the weak ones that smell good.—JOAN LOWELL.

I've been known to sit around the house in a pair of pajamas wearing a high hat and fortified with nothing stronger than a mild brew of tea. I'm a cut up that way. Drop in some time.—O. O. MCINTYRE.

Rudy Vallee is the only one singing of the future love . . . companionship and the platonic.—DR. FRITZ WITTELS.

My cure-all for everybody's troubles is to advise having children.—HELEN GRACE CARLISLE.

In Brief

THE CELEBRATED PERSONAGES who participated in that pre-nuptial Italian hunt on the royal estate of Castel Porziano stood nonchalantly at one end of a field while beaters drove whole armies of game in front of their spurting rifles. This is known as sport. . . Some days after the three bodies had been removed from the Black Duck, the guard chosen to watch the speedboat was discovered blind drunk. Thus, like most of prohibition's tragedies, the Black Duck case acquires its overtones of excruciating farce. . . . Another career ruined, and all for the sake of a woman. J. W. Hunefeld, first private citizen to shake hands with the President on New Year's Day in 1926 and '28, would have been first again this year had he not given his position in the line to a woman in a brown fur coat. . . . That eminent Pennsylvanian, Secretary of Labor Davis, is ripening his plans to run, as he puts it, "for Governor or for United States Senator." Or for some good office, anyhow. . . . "I believe," says General Smedley D. Butler, "that God made us the most influential nation in the world for a purpose, and that it is our duty to keep our neighboring nations from murdering one another." Here is a fine example of the sort of thing that endears us to all Latin America. . . . For determining what to do with the estate of Conrad Hubert, Mr. Smith, Mr. Coolidge, and Mr. Rosenwald were rewarded with large gold flashlights, and, if they can determine what to do with large gold flashlights, they might well be rewarded with the estate.

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

OUR DELEGATION to the London conference has sailed on a dry and American ship with no delusions but with a terrific determination to return with a naval agreement. In view of the ballyhoo which has preceded the parley both here and in England, it cannot, in our opinion, afford to fail, and we venture that some sort of success will be attained by Secretary Stimson and his associates. In fact, before his departure, Mr. Stimson acceded to the suggestions of his advisers that he make plain to the American press his hopes and fears, and as a result we have a fairly accurate picture of what ought to happen at London. Messrs. Hoover and MacDonald, for their own sakes, if not for the peace of the world, intend that the conference shall adjourn or recess with an agreement for postponement of battleship replacements as scheduled under the Washington Treaty of 1922. Such an outcome will not be the result of skillful negotiation so much as the conclusion of naval experts that the capital ship has become an obsolescence rather than a necessity in naval warfare. We understand that a few admirals in our Navy Department and many eminents of the British Admiralty do not share this view, but it is certainly the opinion of most advanced thinkers on naval strategy.

Beyond that, we venture, the conference will not go far. As for cruisers, there has been a deliberate effort here in the last few months to distract public attention from that problem. Though we may save some $250,000,000 by deferment of battleship replacements for a few years, we must, if we accept Britain's demands, construct about fifteen cruisers at a total cost of $375,000,000 to obtain parity by 1936, which was the original goal set up in the Hoover-MacDonald program. We must also undertake the construction of submarines if we are to match the program planned by France and the Japanese demand for a seventy per cent, rather than a sixty per cent fleet. In destroyers we still lead the world, but in a few years the great majority will be obsolete, and we must begin to build to reach even the minimum amount of tonnage, possibly 150,000 tons, that will be accepted by our friends at the London conference. So that, as Secretary Stimson virtually conceded before he left, our only gain will be deferment of costly battleship replacements, stabilization as between ourselves and Great Britain, and the hope of more sweeping reductions at a future parley for which the present one will pave the way. To our mind, such a result will be a great gain, though we fear the American public, which has been led by White House pronouncements to expect too much, will look upon it as another evasion of the real problem of disarmament. It would be unfortunate if the world should take that view, for it might tend to jeopardize future conferences designed to gather into an international symphony these cries for world concord based on the World Court, the Kellogg Pact and the disarmament program of the two greatest sea powers.

TAKE AWAY MY HORNS, AND HOW WOULD I DEFEND MYSELF?
CLIP MY BEAK AND TALONS? SAY, I'D SIMPLY PERISH!
AMPUTATE MY TRUNK AND TUSKS? NEVER! THEY ARE AN ECONOMIC NECESSITY!
TRIM MY CLAWS? I SHOULD SAY NOT! THEY ARE A PART OF MY VERY LIFE!
IF THEY ALL GAVE UP EVERYTHING, THEN THEY WOULD START BUMPING EACH OTHER AROUND
CONFERENCE ON LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS

Evans in Columbus Dispatch

When the Wild Folk meet to discuss "Parity"

While we pretend to no prophetic vein, we understand Messrs. Stimson, Reed, Robinson, Adams, Morrow, Dawes and Gibson will concede a lot to the other powers in an effort to bring back some sort of success. Nor do we think the Administration seeks political glory, as do so many observers in Washington. We share Mr. Hoover's feeling that if the London conference should break up without some accomplishment for world peace, the last chance to substitute sense for submarines will have vanished. We are still close enough to the World War, in the President's opinion, to recall its horrors, but by 1936 or 1940, when the powers may inaugurate another attempt to curb individual and national passion for military conquest, it may be too late.

As we suggested, Mr. Stimson has gone abroad with no illusions. The situation is quite different from that autumn day in 1921 when Secretary Hughes, before a hushed and almost horrified audience, called upon the nations to sink their fleets. Then, as high State Department officials noted before sailing, the United States had the most powerful navy in history and was still adding to its fleet. Or, as a department spokesman phrased it, "Mr. Hughes, being a good Baptist, held a royal flush in his pocket for the first time in his life." But Mr. Hughes, as our government now realizes, played his hand as if it were a pair of deuces, and the United States lost out. We sank battleships and our friends across the sea scuttled blueprints. Since then we have lived up to the spirit of the pact, whereas some of the signatories of the treaty have built an armada of cruisers.

Pending the actual bargaining, we pray that the American delegation will develop a publicity bump that has been sadly lacking during the preliminary negotiations. We have been at a great disadvantage during advance discussions because of Mr. Stimson's shyness in the face of the press. While foreign capitals have been presenting their fears and doubts and demands, we have clung to our righteous rôle of sponsor of the conference, and declined to set forth our stake in the great game. Our attitude may have been more noble and punctilious, but it has not strengthened our position at the council table. We sympathize with Mr. Stimson, who, in commenting on the curiosity of the American press and public, admits he has felt "like a man stalking a moose with the marine band as a companion." Nevertheless, we suggest that he make the most of the newspaper agencies he has at his command for keeping America's unselfish attitude before the world. Battleships, he should keep in mind, may be sunk by propaganda as well as by pacts.

A. F. C.

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The Choice of Future Americans

An Editorial by Ales Hrdlicka

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA is an ethnic union. It is a great human unit built up entirely by immigration. All the American countries are, it is true, somewhat in the same class, but their composition is much simpler. The United States alone is truly "cosmopolitan," at least so far as the different branches of the white race are concerned. And no country has ever reached higher, in fact as high, in the virile qualities of its people, as well as politically, industrially, commercially, in mechanical, scientific, and all modern pursuits. Nor has any people, by actual examination, ever achieved better physical qualities.

Now comes the time when, vast as it is, the country is becoming full. The population, under the resources now known or available, nears the healthy limit. There is left no free good land, and industry is well supplied with workers. Immigration is no more needed; it has become gradually an economic problem and difficulty, and the large cities, where the bulk of the immigrants must now remain, together with the American labor which fears cheaper competition, demand restriction.

Under the circumstances such restriction is wholly legitimate and even necessary. The paramount interest and duty of every government is the welfare of its own people. The United States of America has all the human and international rights to regulate the further immigration to these shores. And it is now passing through the attempts at such an effective restriction.

But the experiment has been found to be complicated. Many interests are concerned. The matter has been befogged by them and by superficial racial intolerance, which finds here a good opening. Such agitations reach of course the ears of the legislators and make their task just so much more difficult. The results have been, within the last score of years, a number of immigration-curbing laws, the last of which is the so-called "law of national origins," which became valid this year.

Is this law satisfactory? It is not. From the point of realities,—racial, geographical, and other,—it has defects. But the question arises: What to do better? In a problem of such import and such difficulties, what is called for is constructive rather than destructive criticism.

The essence of restriction is diminution of numbers. This is the first point to be settled by this country. What number of immigrants can it annually receive without harm to American interests? This total number can only be arrived at, it would seem, through intensive and prolonged statistical and economic research. It should not be arrived at arbitrarily.

Once the number has been set, the next problem is that of quality—quality individual, quality racial.

The individual values comprise what the man or woman is physically, mentally, and morally, and what each carries in the way of normal or abnormal heredity. The need of individual selection on these bases has been well recognized for a number of years and is now, as far as feasible, in practice. It should be carried on under expert and experienced scientific direction, and with due coöperation by the foreign countries.

As to racial selection, the question is immeasurably more delicate and difficult. It is perhaps not too much to say that on a scientific basis such a selection is not yet possible, so far as the different branches of the white race are alone concerned.

As regards physique, studies carried on to date in fourteen groups of European immigrants to this country fail to show what could be regarded as degeneracy in any of the groups (see "Old Americans," Baltimore, 1925). The main differences are in stature, which of itself is not of any great significance.

Much more important are the differences in mentality. But here the case is very complex, and often very difficult of scientific determination.

Mentality is not a simple quality. It is the resultant of innate intelligence, plus inherited instincts and tendencies, plus acquired habits and other factors.

Psychological tests can not reach all this. They suffice to separate the mental defectives, but not much further. They are seriously affected by differences in language and education and by fear. And they can not reach the potentialities which, especially in the young, may be of much importance.

Such tests as have been made have so far failed to establish, in any of the subdivisions of the white race, either a definite basic mental superiority or inferiority. Neither has it been possible so far to establish any such superiority or inferiority by other tests, such as those of accomplishments, wherever such tests were made with due regard to social factors and education. The second and third generations of the various immigrants to this and other countries (e. g. England) fail to show any marked differences from the qualities of the native or older elements.

Such differences are only seen by race egoism, which is naturally self-protective, and can not weigh impartially. It prefers its own, or what it regards as nearest to its own, and that rightfully.

This alone is the legitimate ground for the efforts at favoring some and not favoring other white immigration. It should be presented plainly, without any unjustifiable effort at branding any group of the white race as "inferiors."

In the same way as with mentality, when applied to the different branches of the white race, the argument of "incompatibility" also fails. There is no scientific evidence whatever that, by itself and under normal conditions, any mixture of such elements is detrimental. There is and has not been within historic times any larger group of white people that is not or has not been mixed, and mostly—as in the case of the English, Germans, French, Italians, Jews, etc.—greatly mixed; yet nowhere has there been noticed any degeneration as a result of such a mixture; rather the reverse is true.

Immigration has always been a social problem for the United States; formerly it was one of controlling quantity, and now it is one of insuring quality. Dr. Hrdlicka, Director of the Division of Physical Anthropology of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C., and himself an immigrant who has won distinction, shows that this is not a question of national origins but of individual selection

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The Third French Empire

By T. R. YBARRA

FRENCH NAVAL NEEDS, it was stated the other day in connection with the London naval conference, must be based upon the very considerable requirements of the "French Empire."

What French Empire? Surely, France ceased to be an empire three-score years ago, when Bismarck and his Prussians toppled the Emperor Napoleon III from the French imperial throne, just as Napoleon I had been toppled from it more than half a century earlier.

Yet the term "French Empire," if one but stops to think, is quite appropriate in this year of grace 1930, though no emperor rules in France. For the France that we know in Europe—few of us think of anything else when we speak of the French and their country—is the centre of a realm so huge, so filled with future possibilities of prosperity and power, that no word less glamorous and impressive than "empire" can rightly describe it—ay, even though neither Napoleon the Great nor he whom Victor Hugo described as Napoleon the Small sits enthroned in Paris. Though France is now a republic, with a frock-coated, high-hatted president instead of a monarch in splendid uniform, the Frenchman of today can boast that "la patrie" encompasses an area vastly surpassing that dominated by Bonaparte at the topmost pinnacle of his conquests.

The Third French Empire! Through her ownership of the enormous foreign lands comprising it, France is now the second greatest colonial power in the world. Only Great Britain stands ahead of her. How many people stop to think of that?—how many, indeed, know it, or, having once known it, manage to remember it? Yet, when the Colonial possessions of France are reckoned together, they are found to reach, in area, the enormous total of 4,000,000 square miles! As the area of France proper is a bit over 200,000 square miles, the French foreign possessions are thus a full twenty times as large as the mother-country! In population also they leave the latter far behind; the French colonies have nearly 60,000,000 inhabitants as against some 40,000,000 in France—one and one-half times as many as the European land whereof Paris is the capital and metropolis.

Is any word except "Empire" fit for such a vast realm? Is it inappropriate, in view of the fact that the flag of the French Republic flies over parts of Africa, Asia, America and Australasia, to speak of French naval ambitions as "imperial?"

Over here on the American Continent France has only a few remnants of the great territory over which her flag flew in the eighteenth century. St. Pierre and Miquelon are all that remain to her in North America; in the West Indies she still owns Martinique, Guadeloupe and a few lesser isles; and, in South America, she still has French Guiana, with its internationally notorious penal colony.

In Asia, France has a few shreds and patches of territory in India, reminders of the days when she fought against England for supremacy on the Indian Peninsula; she also rules over Indo-China and the Réunion Islands in the Indian Ocean. In Australasia, Tahiti, New Caledonia and other islands French suzerainty is still acknowledged.

For the maintenance of communications with these outlying possessions French naval experts demand a strong French navy, especially as regards those in Asia and Australasia, the sea route to which lies through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. But the question of liaison between the French homeland and France's American, Asiatic and Australasian colonies pales into insignificance compared with that between France proper and the French territories in Africa.

ON THE Dark Continent the French hold a vast stretch of territory comprising, in area, more than nine-tenths of the entire French colonial realm.

The French tricolor waves over Algeria, Tunisia and parts of Morocco, in Northern Africa; over Senegal, French Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Dahomey and the Niger Territory, on Africa's West Coast; over a big slice of the Congo, in Central Africa; over French Somaliland, on the East Coast of Africa, and Madagascar, the third largest island in the world. Besides all this, France, as a result of the World War, acquired mandates in Togo and Cameroon, which until that time had been under the rule of the German empire.

This "French Empire" in Africa not only offers a splendid field for future exploitation in times of peace but, in the event of war, it can serve as an invaluable source of man-power to swell the armies of France. Already, in the World War, Algerians and Moroccans, Senegalese and Somalis, received their baptism of fire on European battle fields; for future emergencies, France counts upon the native lands of these hardy fighters to supply her with soldiers by hundreds of thousands.

HENCE the French insistence on a strong navy. French ports in Northern Africa are only about 500 miles from France's Mediterranean coast, a distance that can be covered in a day by fast warships and in a mere six hours by an airplane. But the great advantage to the French of the proximity of their African source of man-power to their naval bases in Southern France would be entirely eliminated were it impossible for them to protect their line of communications across the Mediterranean, over which black regiments must be brought to swell French armies engaged in European wars of the future.

The two powers, in addition to France, which have vital Mediterranean interests are Great Britain and Italy. The former must be strong from a naval standpoint in Mediterranean waters in order to protect the long sea route between England and the eastern parts of the British Empire—India, Australia, New Zealand, etc. The latter is actively engaged in developing the new Italian colony of Tripoli in Northern Africa and is bent, moreover, on having as strong a navy as France, an ambition with which the French are entirely out of sympathy.

So the leaders in present-day France, both naval experts and those in other walks of life, as they view the Mediterranean situation, with its possibilities of future international rivalry that may well culminate in open warfare, have become eloquent of late in their demands that France's representatives at the London Conference must see that whatever naval strength may be apportioned to their country must be based upon the "very considerable requirements of the 'French Empire.'"

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A Final Triumph; Then Death

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

The final years, like all the others, were filled with turmoil. It was not written that Mrs. Eddy should know the peace she so desperately sought. But she met the most severe test of all with courage and poise; it was a final triumph. Then she died. This is the last instalment

IN THE ROSE and gilt parlor at Pleasant View there lay upon a marble topped table a twenty-eight inch scroll of solid gold in a satin-lined jeweler's case. Engraved in script upon the golden scroll a letter addressed "Dear Mother," and bearing the date of the dedication of the church, informed Mrs. Eddy of the completion of the edifice, and most lovingly invited her "to visit and formally accept this testimonial on the twentieth day of February, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at high noon." Attached by a white ribbon to the scroll was a gold key to the church.

But she had not gone. Not until April had she seen her church. Then, on the first day of the month, she had come unannounced to Boston, accompanied by Calvin Frye and a woman of her household, and for the first and last time passed the night in the "Mother's Room." So it stands in the canonical writings,—"passed the night in the Mother's Room." And no word comes from her pen of the thoughts that came to her in that richly furnished, ornate room, with its stained glass window of that other room, the little sky-light room in Lynn, and her own shadow seated there. Twenty years between those rooms. Yet there is no word to tell us if she slept well or ill that night. On Sunday, the 26th of May, she as unexpectedly appeared and spoke from the pulpit for twenty minutes to the congregation of her church. Twice, only, after that did Mrs. Eddy, the "Pastor Emeritus," come to Boston and appear before her people, both times briefly, both times unexpectedly.

With the building of the Mother Church, the Leader's retirement had begun. She was now seventy-four. Never again (how little she knew what Fate had in store for her at the last!)—never again should she be forced to submit herself to the gaze of scoffing or hostile eyes. Her victory had been complete. Only one thing more had remained to be done before she could rest secure. "Benny" her foster-son—"Benny" of whom she had hoped so much—had had to go. Whether the stories that had come to her from Boston; the scandal about the woman in his office, the stories about the accounts, were true or not she would never know. Perhaps it was all as Benny said—but Benny was not a business man. Some men were made for power, and some were not. She must trust the strong counsellors who had brought her through. Joseph Armstrong, the banker from Kansas, who had managed the building of the Church, was her publisher now. Benny had made enough in those few years to keep him in comfort all his life. She had done her best for him, but no one must be kept who was not wholly for the Cause. Perhaps some day when she was really old—but she must not think of that.

And there was always Calvin Frye,—a little stupid perhaps, and often disagreeable,—but faithful and honest; honest or she was lost. It was true that by a by-law of the Manual she could summon any member of the Church, however far away, to come to Pleasant View "within ten days" and serve her for twelve months in whatever capacity she might name. It was true that this was an honor coveted by every Christian Scientist. But out of all the willing thousands, what one might she trust? Laura Sargent had been the last to come. Good Laura. Yes, she would ask her to stay. Others would come and go, but there would always be Laura Sargent and Calvin Frye.

FOR TEN YEARS now, and only ten,—from 1896, past the turn of the century till 1906—Mary Baker Eddy was granted respite from the world. From the year she was seventy-five to the year she was eighty-five, surrounded only by her devoted household, and such guests and counsellors as she chose to see, she lived in honored peace at Pleasant View. It was the only period of peace that she had ever known,—if peace, indeed, can be said to ever have been hers. They were not years of idleness. The Leader was never idle, to the last day of her life. Her vigilance over her Church was never once relaxed. Her desk was never cleared, She kept a corps of secretaries occupied, and her indefatigable pen was never idle in her hand. For during those ten years, as if she had but to lift her hand to perform the miracle, her visible churches began to rise. In marble, in brick, in stone, they rose in cities and towns throughout America. From Concord the Leader sent her "Dedicatory Message" to each church. The "Dedicatory Messages to Branch Churches" march through the pages of the volume known as *Miscellany* like a processional: First Church of Christ, Scientist, Chicago, Ill.; First Church of Christ, Scientist Brooklyn, N. Y.; First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, N. Y.; First Church of Christ, Detroit, Mich.; First Church of Christ, Toronto, Canada; First Church, Duluth, Minn.; First Church of Salt Lake City, Utah; First Church of Atlanta, Ga.; Second Church of Chicago, Ill.; First Church of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Second Church of Minneapolis, Minn.; First Church, Cleveland, O.; First Church, St. Louis, Mo.; First Church, Wilmington, N. C.; First Church, Washington, D. C.; and many more besides; Philadelphia, Los Angeles; the church at Concord, the Leader's gift to the local church; and in 1906, the great $3,000,000 "Excelsior Extension" to the Boston Mother Church.

Delusion of grandeur? This was grandeur itself. She ruled as no queen ever ruled. No queen has ever been so reverenced. And surely none has ever been the recipient of so much loving gratitude.

"Heal the sick, cast out demons, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead,"—these were her commands. And her subjects answered, "It is done."

To the profane world she was as sacrosanct as the Living God of Thibet, safe in his alcove, guarded by the temple priests. Even the people of Concord had no view of her except the glimpse upon her daily drive. Promptly at two

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o'clock in the afternoon, every day since she had come to Concord, her carriage issued from the driveway of Pleasant View with Calvin Frye in footman's uniform of olive green, sitting beside the coachman on the box. From the window of the old-fashioned carriage Mrs. Eddy, sitting in lonely state, now and then bowed graciously to one of the faithful or an old acquaintance saluting her from the street. The drive was always the same, and the sleek, fat horses hardly needed the coachman's guiding hand to follow the route through the quiet streets of Concord and back again. It was a daily ritual.

The Leader's seclusion was not for the sake of mystery. It was because of necessity, perhaps, and certainly because she chose that way of life. She had battled the world for many years; she was growing old; the mortal body was taking its toll; she often "suffered severely in belief;" there was much work to do; she wisely chose to seclude herself.

On the rare and memorable occasions that she appeared in public during those ten years, it was before her own following of the faithful in whose hearts she was secure, whose love and adoration revived and strengthened her, and never before the scoffing and curious gaze of the unbelievers and profane.

Twice only during those ten years did she journey to Boston. Once in February of '96 she appeared unexpectedly in the pulpit of the Mother Church, and briefly addressed the audience, retiring immediately afterward, and returning to Pleasant View that same afternoon. Once in June of 1899 she came with her attendants to Boston, spent the night at her Commonwealth Ave. house then occupied by Judge Hanna, First Reader of the Mother Church, and the following day appeared for a moment on the platform in Tremont Temple at the annual meeting of the church. She was greeted by a silent waving of handkerchiefs, spoke a few words, and immediately retired, escorted from the platform by Judge Hanna and a second dignitary of the church. These were her only public appearances of those years, with the exception of the greetings accorded her followers upon the occasions of the famous "pilgrimages" to Pleasant View.

In 1895, the year of the dedication of the Mother Church, the Leader had sent an invitation to the members attending the June communion service in Boston to visit her at Pleasant View. One hundred and fifty communicants journeyed to Concord, and Mrs. Eddy received them with open house. She was at her best that day, and so pleasant did it seem to receive again the warm and personal adulation of the faithful gathered together, that she may have promised herself and them the meeting every year. But by the following year the number of June communicants crowding into Boston on every train from north and south and west, may have frightened her a little, and they waited in vain for an invitation to Pleasant View. The Leader was not yet accustomed, even in her imagination, to the size of her flock. In June of '97, she issued her invitation again. Twenty-five hundred delegates to the annual communion arrived in Concord, and overwhelming every carriage, hundreds went on foot to Pleasant View. To many of these pilgrims, who had never thought to see the Leader in the flesh, the visit was the great event of their lives. Again the Leader was at her best, received them with the utmost graciousness, and made a long address. She wore a dress of "royal purple silk covered with black lace," her diamond cross and the badge of the Daughters of the Revolution in rubies and diamonds. Upon that occasion she also wore "a dainty bonnet," probably that little lavendar bonnet which established a fashion of lavendar bonnets among the elderly ladies of the Church which held for many years.

In June of 1901 the invitation was issued again, and three thousand communicants were carried from Boston to Concord on three special trains. This time they were not admitted to the house, but assembled in the grounds, and Mrs. Eddy appeared upon the upper balcony that led from her study, held out her hands to them, and addressed a brief greeting to the silent throng. When she had stepped back through the door of her study and disappeared from their sight, "many began to write down the words they remembered, and as they compared their notes, each one seemed to have caught a special and personal message."[1]

This was the last of the famous pilgrimages to Concord. Mrs. Eddy requested her followers no longer to come. But, as on the years when there had been no invitation issued, many enthusiasts who had journeyed a long distance in the hope of seeing "the Mother," continued to come to Concord and lingered near Pleasant View or along the route of Mrs. Eddy's daily drive in the hope of catching a glimpse of her.

But if the Leader did not wish to be seen, she did not wish to be seen. A new by-law appeared in the Manual:

> *Thou Shalt Not Steal.* Sec. 15. Neither a Chistian Scientist, his student or his patient, nor a member of the Mother Church shall daily and continuously haunt Mrs. Eddy's drive by meeting her once or more every day when she goes out—on penalty of being disciplined and dealt with justly by her church.

The heading of this by-law suggests her old idea that "the students calling in thought upon her" took away her strength and made her ill. Their glances were too ardent; they proclaimed themselves lifted up, exalted, healed, by these glimpses of the Leader in her carriage.

If her fear of the demons had abated, and the personal enemies of other years had now drawn off, the infirmities of her body might now be easily attributable to the more impersonal, but no less powerful, warfare of the dragon still abroad in the world. There is no doubt that as the years progressed, and her power and personal security grew safe, Mrs. Eddy came to believe herself the focus for all the powers of evil seeking to put out the light of Truth.

Of Mrs. Eddy's personal life during those years of seclusion at Pleasant View we have only conjecture and surmise. If amid her labors she found some pleasant hours of peace, she had earned her right to them. We at least may grant to her the seclusion of those years.

Soon enough the world was to be at her door, and the enemy to hurl itself with all its terrible power upon her again. She who had hoped to "assimilate herself to God," in peace; who had felt herself safe forever from the challenge and scoff of hostile eyes; she who dreaded the stare of the curious as the eye of the evil one himself, she who may (let us also grant her this) have wished to save her followers the shock of the discovery that the Leader herself had found her body to be subject like any other to the ravages of the years; this fragile and resisting woman was to be forced at the age of eighty-five to

1. Authorized Life.

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show herself again for the sake of her Cause, and to meet, with fear and terror ill-concealed as a soldier faces a firing squad, the challenging eyes of the enemy world.

In October of 1906 two representatives of the New York *World*, determined upon a sight of the Leader of Christian Science, stationed themselves on the route of her daily drive and waited until the old-fashioned closed carriage with the squat thick figures of the coachman and Calvin Frye on the box approached along the street. The occupant of the carriage was seen to be a white-haired woman, swathed to the ears in a great ermine cape, who held in her white-gloved hand a small lace and silk parasol, though the carriage was covered and closed. At the first curious glance the parasol was promptly lowered and the face of the occupant of the carriage effectually masked. Convinced that this was not Mrs. Eddy, the two reporters resorted to a ruse by which within a few days they had succeeded in gaining a clear and unobstructed view of the face of the woman in the carriage. One reporter on foot stepped to the right hand window of the coach with the obvious intent of looking in; the other in a carriage passed slowly by on the left. Down went the parasol to the right, blocking the view of the man on foot, but leaving unobstructed the vision of the man in the carriage. The woman in the coach was not Mrs. Eddy, but a woman younger by many years, wearing the familiar ermine cape, and holding in a steady hand the familiar little parasol which Mrs. Eddy always carried on her drive. She was identified as Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard, head of the Brooklyn Christian Science Church, but a member for some months previous of the household at Pleasant View.

Armed with this information, armed also with documents and copies of legal records tending to cast suspicion upon the administration of Mrs. Eddy's finances, and particularly upon Calvin Frye in whose name all of Mrs. Eddy's real and personal property had stood for years, the two reporters for *The World* succeeded, after many days of parley, in forcing from the alarmed secretary, Calvin Frye, and his assistant, Lewis Strang, the promise of a personal interview with Mrs. Eddy in the presence of an identifying witness acceptable to the reporters, in the person of Prof. Frank R. Kent of Concord, Mrs. Eddy's neighbor and outspoken foe.

On Sunday morning, October 28th, the front page of the New York *World* was emblazoned with headlines, photographs and diagrams. "Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy Dying; Footman and Dummy Control Her;" "Founder of Christian Science Suffering From Cancer and Nearing Her End, Is Immured at Pleasant View, While Another Woman Impersonates Her On The Streets of Concord," Sub-headlines announced Calvin A. Frye, secretary-footman to be "The Supreme Power at the Eddy Home;" announced Mrs. Eddy's fortune to be estimated at $15,000,000, and her income at $1,000,000 a year; that members of her coterie say she has spent it all in charity, though no records of large gifts can be found. The long sensational story spread itself through page after page of the Sunday paper. Reporters had been at work on the story for weeks and probably months. If there were any subscribers to the New York *World* who had been indifferent to the news of Christian Science or its Founder, their indifference vanished on that day.

The high point of the story was the interview with its description of Mrs. Eddy. Calvin Frye had been conspicuously absent. The two *World* men who had been brought to Pleasant View in Mrs. Eddy's own carriage, waited with Prof. Kent in the rose and gilt parlor while Lewis Strang, who acted as master of ceremonies, slipped hurriedly in and out for whispered conferences somewhere in the silent house. He announced to them at last that Mrs. Eddy would receive them in a private room upstairs and led the way into the hall. Halfway up the narrow flight of stairs Strang's uplifted hand signalled them to halt.

"For a moment the visitors stood motionless on the stairs, and then a voice from the gloom above said, 'All right. Be quick.'

"'Quick now, please,' Strang whispered sharply over his shoulder as he mounted the last steps, crossed a narrow hallway and ushered the party into a rear room.

"The real Mrs. Eddy stood before the visitors.

"She was on her feet in the center of the room, her hands on the edge of a heavy table.

"Mrs. Eddy looked more dead than alive. She was a skeleton, her hollow cheeks thick with red paint, and the fleshless, hairless bones above the sunken eyes pencilled a jet black. The features were thick with powder. Above them was a big white wig.

"Her body was pitifully emaciated, and her throat, on which sparkled a horseshoe of brilliants, was shriveled.

"Her weakness was pathetic. She reeled as she stood clinging to the table. Her sunken faded eyes gazed helplessly, almost pleadingly, at her visitors. The air of the room reeked

Underwood

THE "MOTHER'S ROOM"

The bay window of three panels depicts the life work of Mrs. Eddy; in the central one she is shown at work in the old sky-light room

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with the odors of powerful stimulants. In a corner, as though hastily pushed aside, stood a galvanic battery with its surgical basin half full of water and a sponge wet from use.

"To every eye it was clear that the unfortunate old woman had been doped and galvanized for the ordeal of identification. But it was equally clear that the utmost stimulation could not keep the tortured woman upon her feet much longer.

"Strang glided to her side and held an outstretched arm behind her in readiness for the threatened collapse. But old Mrs. Eddy was nerved to supreme effort.

"Her listless eyes were fastened upon Prof. Kent as he stepped toward her. As he bowed formally she released her hold upon the table, swayed toward him, clutched him with her shriveled fingers and held on with desperate strength. Had Prof. Kent withdrawn his support she must have fallen.

" 'My-dear-dear—pro-professor!' she cried in the high crackling voice of extreme age. 'H-h-how glad I am to see you. Let me co-congratulate you on getting back your position. I-I am so glad that you are at the head of our sc-school again.' It was the senseless chatter of senility. Prof. Kent years ago severed all connection with the Concord school.

"As he stammered out a reply and gently freed himself from the quivering fingers, Mrs. Eddy turned reeling again to the table and clung to it for support. Her fictitious strength was almost gone.

"Turning to the others for the first time she gasped, 'I-I-I ca-cannot understand your in-interest in poor me. B-but I ca-cannot be interviewed.'

"She had just strength enough left to extend a palsied hand to each visitor and motion appealingly to Strang. The interview was at an end. It had lasted only three minutes.

"As the visitors were hurried from the room Mrs. Eddy surrounded by attendants, was sinking helpless into a pillowed chair. Spasms were shaking her frail body, while agony distorted her painted face.

"It was clear why the indentification was staged in her private room. In her pitiable weakness she could not have walked downstairs."

The interview had taken place on Oct. 15th but had not been made public until its appearance in *The World* of Oct. 28th. Promptly upon the publication of this amazing story on Sunday, representatives of every metropolitan newspaper were dispatched post haste to Concord with instructions to get an interview. To Concord also rushed the strongest advisers of the Christian Science Church from Boston and New York. Messengers went back and forth between Pleasant View and the hotel where the reporters had established their headquarters, and parleys continued throughout the day on Monday, Monday night, and Tuesday morning when at last an agreement was reached by which eleven representatives of the press were chosen for admittance to the interview, which was to be limited to the asking of four questions specifically agreed upon, and one member of the group, Mrs. Sibyl Wilbur O'Brien, appointed to put the questions to Mrs. Eddy. Carriages were called and the reporters reached Pleasant View a few minutes before one o'clock and were admitted to the big parlor on the ground floor, where they were received by Mrs. Pamela J. Leonard and Mrs. Laura Sargent. There was present also Secretary of State Pearson of New Hampshire, who had been agreed upon to identify Mrs. Eddy. The door leading into the hall was closed and the portieres drawn over it. Presently Calvin Frye dressed in his footman's livery with a double row of gold buttons down the front ceremoniously opened the doors and stood aside with bowed head. Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Sargent immediately stopped talking and conversation ceased. The portieres swept open, and "standing upon the threshold, dressed in a splendid long ermine-trimmed black coat, glittering white velvet toque trimmed in silver sequins with a high white aigrette surmounting it, and a long trailing black satin skirt falling gracefully about her, stood Mrs. Eddy."

To the first of the questions agreed upon. "Are you in perfect bodily health, Mrs. Eddy?" she replied in a voice which ranged, according to the reports, from clear and strong to a senile murmur, "Indeed I am." To the second quesion, "Have you any other physician than God?" repeated by Mrs. O'Brien (for Mrs. Eddy *was* a little deaf as some of the reporters seemed also to be), she replied, "No physician but God," and with a dramatic outward sweep of her hands added, "His everlasting arms are about me." She turned as if to go, and Mrs. O'Brien followed quickly with the third question, "Do you drive daily?" Again the reports vary. She had started toward the outer door, but "turned and responded with an emphatic 'Yes'." She had fallen back into the supporting arms of her attendants and neither heard the question nor replied. All reports agreed that the fourth question, "Does any one beside yourself administer your property or attend to your business affairs?" was never asked, as Mrs. Eddy had ended the interview by her departure for her ride. At any rate it was Mary Baker Eddy, head of the Christian Science Church, who, shaking with palsy, or sitting triumphantly erect and serene, drove out of the grounds of Pleasant View in the familiar black coach that day.

IT WAS the end of peace for Mrs. Eddy, for if her guardians did succeed in keeping from her many of the distressing details of the troubles to come, they could not keep from her the course of the main events. They could not freely act without her, and she must often act herself.

The two forced interviews had proved to be the preliminary to the filing of the famous "Next Friends' Suit,"—a suit brought at the "instigation of public spirited citizens" in the name of Mary Baker Eddy, suing by her next friends, George W. Glover, her son, Mary Glover, the granddaughter, George W. Baker, a nephew, and Ebenezer J. Foster Eddy, the adopted son, as Plaintiffs against Calvin A. Frye, Alfred Farlow, Irving C. Tomlinson, Ira O. Knapp, William B. Johnson, Stephen A. Chase, Joseph Armstrong, Edward A. Kimball, Hermann S. Hering, and Lewis C. Strang. It was charged that Mrs. Eddy, enfeebled in mind and body and incapacitated for the administration of her own affairs, was held against her will a virtual prisoner at Pleasant View and under the complete domination and control of the defendants named. The plaintiffs asked that the defendants be compelled to furnish a full accounting of Mrs. Eddy's financial affairs, and that a receiver be appointed to administer her estate. With an imposing array of counsel on both sides, headed by former United States Senator for New Hampshire, William E. Chandler, for the plaintiffs, and Gen. Frank J. Streeter, for the defendants, the long hard-fought struggle began.

Amid the storm of protest and de-

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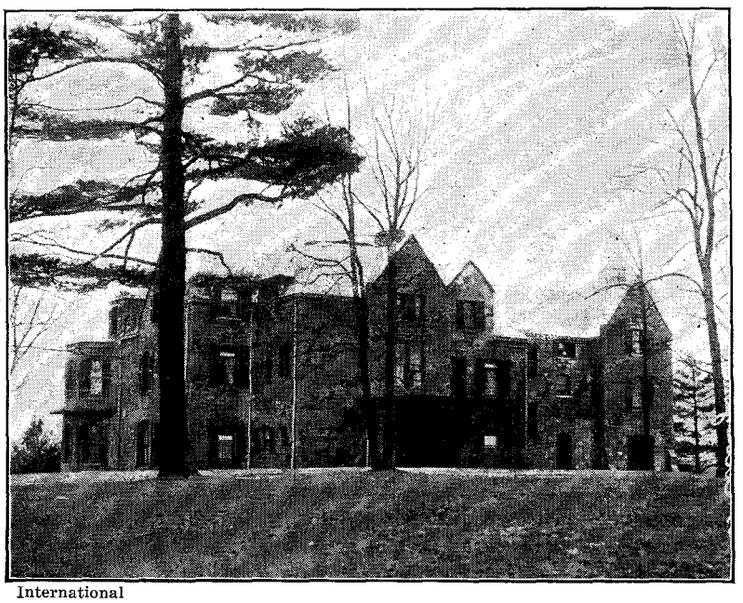
nial from the Christian Science forces, there now appeared day after day and week after week in the pages of the New York *World,* and other newspapers as well, that amazing series of sensational stories, statements, disclosures and interviews which centered the attention of the whole nation upon the "mystery house" at Pleasant View. There were the long interviews of George Glover, Mrs. Eddy's son, now in Washington with his daughter Mary for secret conference and acting under instructions from Senator Chandler. The stories of his visits to his mother at Pleasant View, of the enmity displayed by Calvin Frye who sought to keep him from his mother; of his mother's efforts to help him, to furnish him with money for the development of his mining properties; of these efforts thwarted by his mother's guardians, and the emphasis always placed on Calvin Frye. He told of his mother's abject terror of Calvin Frye, and of his fear for his own life at the hands of his mother's guardians; told of his mother's pitiable condition both physical and mental on the few brief moments of her presence permitted him; told of the fine house in Lead City, S. D., that had been built for him as a gift from his mother, a concession he believed on the part of her wardens for the sake of publicity, although he had no money to furnish the house and his family was in want.

There was the story of Foster Eddy, the adopted son, now living a life of ease and retirement in Waterbury, Vt. He too averred that Mrs. Eddy had lived for years under the complete control of the clique at Pleasant View, the clique who with lies and intrigue had effected his banishment. He told of his foster mother's delusions and fears, played upon and kept alive by Calvin Frye's continuous talk of malicious animal magnetism and the black arts; he, like George Glover, told of Mrs. Eddy's tenderness and love, asserted his belief that she was held a prisoner and puppet in the hands of the rulers of her church, and that only fear for his safety kept him silent throughout the years.

No one was keeping silent now. Christian Scientists once close in the councils of the church, but long in hiding lest the dark powers of the rulers should seek them out for vengeance, now came forth to tell their tales. And one and all these stories held the deeply superstitious fear of Calvin Frye. There were tales of cliques and counter-cliques; Mrs. Eddy was "the helpless plaything of rival cliques;" Calvin Frye was in reality the secret agent for Augusta Stetson in a plot to depose Mrs. Eddy and enthrone Augusta Stetson as head of the Christian Science Church.



International

Mrs. Eddy's home in Chestnut Hill, Mass. where she lived for the last three years of her life

During all this time statements issued daily from Pleasant View to the effect that Mrs. Eddy was not only in good health but sitting in council with her lawyers and advisers, and as usual, in command. Emissaries of the church sped secretly east and west, intrigue followed intrigue and strategy followed strategy. Charges of the Eddy signature forged, of sums of money offered and refused.

The Next Friends' Suit was filed in the Superior Court of Concord on March 1, 1907. The case, which hung fire for many months, now had for its main issue the question of Mrs. Eddy's competency to execute any documents whatever,—in short, the question of her sanity.

At the hearings which began in August, Senator Chandler listed in his opening statement the delusions from which Mrs. Eddy was known to have suffered,—the delusion of malicious animal magnetism, the delusion of the non-reality of the physical universe, the delusion of grandeur, the delusion that she would never die, the delusion of persecution. The demand was made that if she was, as claimed by the defense, in full possession of her mental and physical powers, she be summoned into court. The three Masters appointed by the Superior Court to decide upon Mrs. Eddy's competency chose out of deference to her age to arrange a visit to Pleasant View. The Masters were Dr. George E. Jelly, well known alienist of Boston, Judge Edgar Aldrich of the U. S. District Court and Hosea W. Parker.

The visit took place on August 15th, with Senator Chandler, Counsel for the Next Friends, Gen. Streeter for the defendants, and the court stenographer, the only other persons present.

This interview must stand as the finest single performance of Mrs. Eddy's life. By it she achieved what all her array of legal counsel could never have achieved alone. By it she silenced voices of her detractors, and drew off the fire of the enemy.

The visitors, anticipating heaven knows what insanities, collapses and galvanic batteries, in that house of mystery, found themselves received in the library by a frail and gentle old lady of eighty-six, in a black dress with white ruching at throat and wrists and a lace shawl about her shoulders, who stood to greet them by her desk, and motioned them graciously to their seats before she sank into her chair. If they had come prepared to put her at her ease in a difficult situation, she seemed to wish as much to put them at their ease in a situation as difficult. For a full hour she replied to the questions of the three Masters with the utmost lucidity and simplicity. If Judge Aldrich apologized for his inability to enunciate his words distinctly, Mrs. Eddy apologized as gracefully for being a little deaf. The unembellished stenographic report of this interview gives at times the certainly odd effect

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Group Banking: Boon or Menace?

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

An economist's eyebrows are this week lifted with doubt in the direction of chain banking. Mr. Scroggs is a weekly contributor

THE PAST YEAR brought some striking changes in banking organization in the United States, and the transformation has been so rapid that it is hardly possible as yet to grasp its full significance. In New York City the consolidation movement has proceeded at a breath-taking pace, and a similar trend has appeared in other cities. There has also been a moderate development of branch banking among the urban institutions, but most surprising of all is the spread of chain banking throughout the country.

Last year Chicago witnessed the merger of the Continental National Bank with the Illinois Merchants and Trust Company. New York saw the Guaranty Trust Company absorb the National Bank of Commerce; the National City Bank absorb the Farmers Loan and Trust Company; the Equitable Trust Company absorb the Seaboard National Bank, and the Chase National Bank absorb the National Park Bank. Each of these absorbed banks has completely lost its identity. In addition, there has been a series of amalgamations, in which each of the banks has given a part of its name to the merged institution. Thus, the Chemical National Bank and the United States Mortgage and Trust Company have united to form the Chemical Bank and Trust Company; and the Hanover National Bank and the Central Union Trust Company have been joined in the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company.

These mergers of large banks in important financial centres represent a wholly different movement from that reflected in the spread of chain banking, and the two should be considered separately. In spite of the consolidations, competition among the big city banks still remains keen. Their operations are still limited to a single city, except in the case of the few banks which have foreign branches, and there seems to be some ground for the claim that their expansion is only keeping pace with the multiplying demands made upon them since the United States became the world's largest creditor.

Obviously, quite different considerations apply to the rapid growth of group banking in the smaller towns. A report recently prepared by a committee of the American Bankers Association shows that there are now in this country 273 separate chains operating 1,858 banks in thirty-nine states and having combined resources of approximately thirteen billions. This means that one bank in every fourteen in the United States is a member of a chain, and that the chains control about a sixth of the country's banking resources. There is certainly something in these figures to set us to thinking.

CHAIN BANKING should not be confused with branch banking. Branch banks exist only where they are explicitly authorized by law. When branches are permitted to state banks it is the usual practice to limit them to the city of the parent bank. Since 1927 national banks have been permitted to set up branches within the corporate limits of the cities of their domicile, provided that state banks have the same privilege under state law. Wherever branches are established they have behind them the power and prestige of the parent bank.

In chain banking there is no such vital connection between the various members of the system. The links of the chain are held together by a holding company or some similar device, but the various banks are legally independent of one another. If the chain is under the control of a holding company, this company is not subject to regulation by either state or Federal banking authorities. The combined resources of all the constituents are not available for the protection of each member of the group, and yet recent events have shown that the collapse of one member of the chain may bring the other members down with it.

In a number of cases the chain system appears to have developed as a means of getting around the restrictions which the state and federal governments have imposed on branch banking, and for that reason it has been criticized as a questionable subterfuge. It is true that in a number of states in which branch banking is prohibited—for example, in Georgia, Minnesota, Illinois and Washington—chain banks now flourish. This is also the case in Michigan, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, where branch banks are permitted, but only in the town of the parent bank. We should be cautious, however, in drawing conclusions from these facts, because California, which ranks second in the amount of resources held by chain banks, permits branch banks to be set up anywhere in the state.

Chain banking has both its critics and its champions. Its advocates insist that it represents a natural economic development, corresponding to the tendencies in industry and trade toward larger business units. They maintain that the rural districts have suffered grievously because of the weakness of the country banks, among which the mortality has been frightful since the War, and that excessive competition has frequently led to violations of sound banking practice.

The weaknesses in our rural banking system may be readily admitted. The real question is whether chain banking is the right way out, and the protagonists of this new system have yet to establish their case. Because concentration is the order of the day in manufacturing and merchandising, it does not follow that it will be equally desirable in banking. The country banker has a status in his community not unlike that of the country doctor. He is called upon to sustain the financial health of a large group of the citizen body. The spread of chain banking menaces the home banker just as the spread of chain grocery stores menaces the small-town grocer. The social peril, however, from the supplanting of the local merchant by the salaried subordinate of a chain-store organization is negligible when compared with that which may follow the displacement of a community's tried and proved banker by the ambitious agent of a distant financial concern who is interested mainly in being promoted to a bank in a bigger town. Chain banking may be strong in some spots where unit banking is weak, but its advantages can hardly compensate for the loss which a community will inevitably suffer in the long run from financial absenteeism.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Goethe: The Way Out

ACCORDING to a small but vociferous group of scholars, whose much learning hath made them sad, ours is a mechanistic universe with behavioristic control and sex appeal, and the men in it are so many packages of celluloid and starch on the way to becoming manure. The most thoroughgoing refutal of this doctrine, if such odorous biochemistry may be dignified as doctrine, is Goethe: his life and his works. The very least we can do therefore is to extend a welcome of intelligent cordiality to *Goethe and Faust: An Interpretation*[1], by F. M. Stawell and G. Lowes Dickinson. They themselves state that they wrote the book "in the hope that it might extend the still too narrow circle of those who are interested in Goethe," and because "in this crisis of the world's history it seemed possible that a renewed study of Goethe might open the way to a new advance."

Hardy though the faith may seem at first blush, we settle back in our chairs and say, on second thought, if Goethe cannot, who can? For in the sober judgment of these two tried scholars of humanism, "Goethe is one of the most religious spirits in modern Europe." He was also one of the all-round wisest men that ever lived in any age, and *Faust,* on which he labored for seventy years, is his chief work.

Professor Dickinson and Miss Stawell began with the thought of bringing out an entirely new translation of *Faust,* but abandoned the project on realizing that it would make their book too bulky if the interpretation were to be adequate. Fortunately, they still have the complete translation among their valuable papers, and more fortunately still they have interspersed their running comment with enough of it to prove that it is as completely in the spirit of the original as we may hope for in this world of imperfect letters.

From "Parade" by Peter Arno (Liveright)

The first three chapters introduce us to Goethe, show his relation to Man and Nature, and lead us through the labyrinth of love at the end of which stands Faust. The remaining thirteen chapters take up Faust from the prologue in Heaven to the epilogue from Heaven. It is like being led through life by a couple whom we love because we trust. In an appendix we have the most succinct statement, with every date given, that has ever been recorded of the various days throughout the seventy years on which Goethe wrote *Faust.* A selected bibliography follows. It is helpful but purely subjective. Lewe's biography of Goethe is listed as "the best;" it appeared in 1855, and is defective in ways too numerous to catalogue. Emil Ludwig's life is also included; Herr Ludwig is a jobber in heroism and nothing more. Goethe's life was not exactly heroic; and he never in his life did a job.

Goethe wrote the last eight lines of *Faust* on January 22, 1832; on March 22 of the same year he passed away peacefully and without pain. Those lines tell of the "Eternally feminine that leads us on." That stereotyped expression is rendered here "The Woman in woman leads forward forever." There is no room for comment, but there is an itch for it. The point is: Translations and interpretations of *Faust* began immediately after 1832. They have never ceased. Just as every great writer writes in time his *Faust,* whether it be *Hamlet, Peer Gynt,* or what, just so does many a high-grade translator set as his ultimate objective his own rendering of *Faust.* Search for novelties in the translation before us therefore is not so compelling as the uncovering of novelties in interpretation. Of these there are several, despite the mountain range of Goethe literature. Professor Dickinson and his colleague contend that Shelley not merely translated from *Faust* but was influenced by it; that Goethe's attitude toward chemistry was shown by his disastrous Homunculus experiment; that his theory of light,

1. The Dial Press, $4.00.

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since Einstein, seems after all to be correct; that his plan to save even Mephistopheles fits in rather well with Walt Whitman's idea of the Devil as the fourth dimension to the Trinity; that Goethe saw Grace as one of the chief attributes of Christian doctrine; that he preached Patience as one of the things needful; and that he regarded Repentance as one of the surest signs of progress.

What a pity it is that slang turns otherwise exalted words into shoddy! Were it not for this, it would be a pleasure to state that we have here a bigger and better Goethe.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD

The Week's Reading

Tantalus by Jo Van Ammers-Küller (E. P. Dutton, $2.50) is the story of a troubled marriage in a troublous time. Evert, the hero, is apparently happily married. His wife, with whom he has lived seventeen years, is still beautiful. He feels for her a deep, respectful love. Nevertheless, he cannot still the yearnings of his restless body. Was this all that life held for him,—a marriage so sedate that each day was precisely like the day before. He is reminiscing over his first affair as he strolls through Paris with an old friend. They run into two American girls dressed like twins. Follows a series of adventures in which Evert, who imagines himself a romantic though to the reader he may appear a downright sensualist, succeeds in making himself and his wife extremely unhappy. He wants his penny and the gingerbread. A friend of his wife's, whom the author uses as a mouthpiece, pleads that she tolerate Evert's sexual divagations because of the dual nature, which, driving him towards an ignis fatuus, must always bring him back to her steady affection. Her bourgeois family pride prevents any mutual understanding and their marriage inevitably leads to divorce. Evert is left broken and lonely and the author leaves us to draw the moral as to whether the fine comradeship of marriage should be broken by the social mores which insist on immaculate monogamic behavior.

Van Ammers-Küller writes very beautifully and very bravely. She has a flair for apt and simple characterization. She depicts the adolescent moods of Evert with perfect comprehension. Her women, though, are a trifle more vivid than her men. The prose has an ease which never lapses into the vulgar or the precious. A novel that one does not forget as soon as the last page is turned.

For his book *Sir Francis Bacon,*[2] Byron Steel uses the sub-title *The First Modern Mind.* But there is nothing in his readable if unimportant biography to justify such use. Bacon's mind was as modern as those of many of his contemporaries, as modern as those of many Greeks. He was passionate, luxurious, volatile, brilliant, treacherous; qualities common to the Elizabethans (indeed not yet uncommon to Englishmen) as they were to the Greeks, and not particularly modern. It would be better to say that many of his theories of education, opposing those of the School-men, were greatly in advance of his time, and that his belief in inductive reasoning was modern. Byron Steel's book can add nothing to the world's knowledge of Bacon. But what it can do is to offer a more detailed if not a more revealing portrait of Bacon to such readers as met him for the first time face to face in Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex.*

NOTE: Form and Style in American Prose by Gorham B. Munson, referred to in Mr. Smertenko's paper, "Of Criticism," issue of January 1st, is published by Doubleday, Doran and Co. $2.50.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Hudson River Bracketed, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. A warmly human story of young genius in New York marked by brilliant analysis. Reviewed Nov. 20.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque translated by A. W. Wheen: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson: Harper. This takes its place at once in the small first rank of War novels. Don't miss it. Reviewed Jan. 8.

The Omnibus of Crime, edited by Dorothy Sayers: Payson and Clarke. Here are enough detective and mystery stories to satisfy the greatest appetite. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Non-Fiction

New Worlds to Conquer, by Richard Halliburton: Bobbs, Merrill. Daring adventures dramatically told for the rocking-chair traveller. Reviewed Dec. 25.

Franklin, The Apostle of Modern Times, by Bernard Fay: Little, Brown. An intelligent Frenchman's portrait of the father of the modern business man. Reviewed Jan. 1.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. A brilliant, highly readable historical essay with an interesting comparison of Richelieu to Bismarck. Reviewed Nov. 20.

Queen Elizabeth by Katharine Anthony: Knopf. A stimulating, highly readable portrait. Reviewed Oct. 9.

The Tragic Era by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

Behind the Blurbs

HAD MR. JOHN S. SUMNER been alive in 1704, his title would have been Master of the Revels. It was the duty of that officer to peruse, correct and allow all plays, drolls, farces, interludes, dialogues, prologues and other entertainments in the interests of public decency, as a result of the complaints received by Queen Anne of "many indecent profane and immoral expressions spoken by Mountebanks and Players contrary to Religion and Good Manners." This fact we learn from J. B. Priestley's *English Humor*[3], a small and entertaining book in the English Heritage Series, other titles in which are *Shakespeare, The English Public School,* and *English Wild Life.* If the other volumes in the series are written as richly and with as complete an understanding of their subjects as this one, we shall certainly invest in the entire series, which is to include a number of other vols. not yet published. ☙ ☙ ☙ A biography of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, by John K. Winkler, biographer of Rockefeller, will be pub. next fall by Vanguard. ☙ ☙ ☙ A series to be called *The Contemporary Library of Psychology,* under the general editorship of Dr. F. Aveling, of King's College, University of London, will be published by Appleton, in conjunction with Messrs. Nisbet and the Cambridge University Press. The first title, *Creative Mind,* by Dr. C. S. Spearman, will come out in the spring. ☙ ☙ ☙ Tolstoi said of Kuprin: "He is the only man in the rising generation who writes with truth and sincerity." Kuprin's long novel dealing with prostitution, *Yama: The Pit*[4], has just been translated and published by Bernard Guilbert Guerney,—its first appearance in English at a popular price and in a complete and authorized translation. ☙ ☙ ☙ Knopf reports that Egon Friedell, author of *A Cultural History of the Modern Age,* once laughed seven hours at a joke. As the original joke is not given we can't tell, but it sounds more like hysteria than amusement to us. Probably one of those jokes that have two or three dialects in them. ☙ ☙ ☙ Messrs. Payson and Clarke having withdrawn from the publishing firm of Payson & Clarke Ltd., and their places having been taken by Messrs. Brewer and Warren, the firm will henceforth be known by the name of Brewer & Warren, Inc. This seems reasonable—all except the change from Ltd. to Inc. The policy of the house remains unchanged. ☙☙☙ We read

2. Doubleday, Doran, $3.00.
3. Longmans, $1.40.
4. $3.00.

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Jim Tully's *Shadows of Men*[5] last night, and got thoroughly depressed. Nothing to relieve the misery, squalor, brutality and any other similar nouns you can think of, in the sketches of jailbirds, hoboes and yeggs Mr. Tully has known, but a certain capacity in them for enduring pain. They're well written and vivid, but one or two at a time is a sufficiently strong dose. Then tune in on the Happiness Boys or the Grapenuts Revelers for relief. ♣ ♣ ♣ Early indications point to a bumper thriller crop this year. Also, the quality of the few early specimens we have examined seems to be improved. Rich, well rounded, full of juice, and with none of those soft spots that made so much of last year's crop unpalatable. There's Oppenheim's *The Million Pound Deposit*[6], in which international crooks and high society amateurs combine to steal a formula which has made a huge fortune for Lord Dutley. Dutley appears to be a fool, but isn't, and the story of how he foils the crooks, and having lost the wrong girl to one of the conspirators, marries the right one, is plausible, easily written, and often exciting. R. A. J. Walling's *The Man With the Squeaky Voice*[7] concerns mysterious shootings and dodgings in and about the village of Kenwick, in the course of which a furtive stranger, paying guest in a nearby country house, is slain. His connection with a famous robbery, and the unmasking of his murderer, are accomplished by detectives and newspaper men, with the help of several local ladies and gents. Decidedly better than the average. ♣ ♣ ♣ *The Three Brass Elephants*[8] is a really mysterious mystery story. It centers about an old house which contains a disappearing room, the ghost of a malevolent hunchback, and a lot of miscellaneous queer doings. Even the hero is legally dead. And he keeps going into the house at night to watch things, and we wished he wouldn't because there were things there which shouldn't be in any empty house at night. However, he comes out safely in the end, with a girl on his arm. ♣ ♣ ♣ Not so good is *The Bainbridge Murder*[9] in which Mr. Bainbridge is slain in a hotel room, with Mrs. B., the man who loves her, her chauffeur and a couple of other people all under suspicion. Her friend, the amateur detective Martinson, uncovers the truth, which is just about what you think it would be, and if not, you don't care very much.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

5. Doubleday, $2.50.
6. Little Brown, $2.00.
7. Morrow, $2.00.
8. Liveright, $2.00.
9. By Cortland Fitzsimmons: Mcbride $2.00.

Spring Dawns in Tropic Radiance in Hawaii

A MORNING in Spring. . . . The snowy linen of breakfast table reflects the shimmering sunlight which dances in through casements never closed. . . . Through the gnarled branches of a great banyan tree a lazy wind whispers with fragrant breath of secrets garnered during a magic night.

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

THE KEEN popular interest manifested in such books as Eddington's *Science and the Unseen World* (Macmillan), previously noted in these pages, is one more evidence of the necessity of adjusting our religious outlook to our scientific knowledge. Professor James Young Simpson in his new book, *Nature, Cosmic, Human and Divine* (Yale University Press), states the matter none too strongly when he says, "It seems clear that that expression of religious thought will alone have the possibility of survival which can show that it is not unrelated to the rest of thought and knowledge." It is that very task which he has attempted in this volume. Writing with a detailed knowledge of even the latest in the field of physical and biological science he shows how science itself drives us back to some ultimate World Ground. And when we let the cosmic process produce its full impression upon us we see unity, order and sustained progress, manifestations that are all of the nature of Mind. These signs do not prove but they point in the direction of what religion has meant by God. This is one of the most rewarding books in this highly important field. It is impressive in its argument and charming in its style.

But men and women with intelligent interest in this field ought not to be satisfied with the religious interpreter's presentation of these fascinating facts of physical science. They ought to go to the astronomers and physicists themselves. Among them there is no greater authority than Sir James Jeans. In *The Universe Around Us* (Macmillan), this distinguished scientist presents the latest conclusions and theories about the universe in which man finds himself. If one would bring his astronomy and physics up to date and thoroughly relish doing so let him read Jeans. And sincere religious men and women will want to do so because of the bearing of all this upon the age old problem of God, a problem which is really at the center of the issues raised by Humanism. Indeed what distinguishes this latest religious movement from liberal Christianity is its denial for all practical purposes of the concept of God. This is evident in the best exposition of Humanism which has yet appeared, *The Quest of the Ages* (Harper), by A. Eustace Haydon. He says, "Instead of asking, 'Does God exist?' .... the question is asked direct, 'What support does the universe give to our moral ideals?'" The Cosmic Companion is surrendered as a mere illusion created out of human desires. This is a scholarly summing up of where, the author believes, we have arrived or will soon arrive in religion.

But both liberal theologians and Humanists are at one today in stressing the need for religion's proving itself in the everyday life of men. Spengler in his second volume of *The Decline of the West* (Knopf) may voice his contempt for the sociologist-preacher and insist that religion has nothing to do with the world of actuality, but the genius of present day religion is just the opposite. Particularly is it wrestling with the age old evil of war. Three books on this highly important subject have recently appeared. One of them, *Pacifism in the Modern World,* edited by Devere Allen (Doubleday, Doran), is a compilation of articles by well known advocates of peace. Tagore, Kirby Page, Rufus Jones and a number of others consider this whole subject from their varied points of view. No one, who senses the danger of war and is desirous of working against it while there is still time, should miss this volume. *Must We Have War?* (Harper), by Fred B. Smith, well known religious leader, is an earnest plea backed by facts, many of them secured at first hand, for a warless world. The author would not limit us to any one attack upon the war system. The World Court, the League of Nations, the Kellogg treaty, all these will help, but he believes that religion holds the final verdict for war or peace, so his book is addressed primarily to the Church with a plea that it give "the moral dynamic to win the victory" for peace.

At the heart of the peace movement and the source of much of its driving power there is the out and out pacifist of the Quaker type. *The Christian's Alternative to War* (Macmillan), by Leyton Richards, is one of the best expositions of this position which has yet been published. It is searching in its criticism of the war system and the Christian's relation to it. These three books are a notable addition to our peace literature. Whether one agrees with them or not they are proof that religion is relating itself to the everyday problems of men.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Oxford Is Rather Better

(Continued from Page 91)

sions the tutor uses his subtle, almost imperceptible, persuasion, but never force, to interest him more deeply in his studies. To this treatment the average student responds readily.

The Yale system is much more closely allied to the procedure of the English schools than to the Oxford system. First and foremost, the student's original choice of subject is far more limited here than at Oxford. Far from being able to select one subject in which to specialize, he has to spend at least half his time studying subjects totally irrelevant to that in which he intends to "major." The result of this can only be that he never goes deep enough into any one subject to become truly interested in it. He is forced to spend a certain number of hours in the classroom, and here the element of force enters in, inevitably eliciting the contrary element of resistance. One could hardly expect a boy of seventeen who has to take eighteen hours of classes per week, and is theoretically expected to do two hours outside reading in connection with each class, not to make every effort to evade the burden as far as possible. He would certainly be unusual if he attempted to exceed this ration by doing further voluntary reading in any sphere which particularly interested him.

Lastly, the absence of a tutorial system removes the personal supervision which, if wisely handled, can do so much to promote the undergraduate's interest in his work. I remember the delightful impressions I had from my first weekly discussions with my tutor in Oxford. I would go and call on him in his rooms in the quiet college quadrangle at a fixed hour each week, and after we had sat some time smoking our pipes and discussing the prospects of the college football team he would ask me what I had discovered about a certain topic I myself had selected for my investigations. I would read him a short essay on the subject, and he would then state his own views, throwing them out as suggestions not as dogmata, soliciting my criticisms and sometimes admitting their validity, or else pointing out where they failed.

I do not mean from the foregoing analysis of the two systems to imply that it is easy to decide which is the superior. There is so much to be said on both sides that it seems impossible that an objective solution of the question will ever be reached. For instance, the grave disadvantage of the Oxford system is that the inherently idle un-

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dergraduate will never respond to the various forces which are brought to bear upon the task of interesting him in his work, and of course there is then no safeguard that he may not waste almost his whole time at the university. The Yale system is fortified in this respect, not only with its requirements for class attendance, but also with constant examinations, in which failure to reach a certain standard means an abrupt and undignified termination of one's college career. The broad education which the American system offers, as opposed to the more specialized Oxford education, shows itself in some degree in the greater ease with which an American college man can talk on diverse subjects. Yet this case is often rather obviously superficial and may be no greater than that which an English schoolboy derives from the broad training that he receives at school, while the latter is nearly always better equipped to talk with authority on one or two subjects. It is common in Oxford for two or three college mates reading the same subject to spend much of their time during their final year discussing their problems amongst themselves, each contributing his own experience on the subject. I myself derived more from this phase of my Oxford life than from any other academic institution, and yet it is a phase which, for lack of time, could never develop to any extent amongst Yale undergraduates.

The relative success of the two systems may not unfairly be tested by the light in which the respective student bodies judge them. In this connection I may say that while I have heard constant criticism of the Yale system from its undergraduates, I never heard a word of adverse criticism in Oxford save from professional malcontents.

I have tried in this brief survey of my first impressions of an American university to bring out the main features in which it differs from Oxford and Cambridge. These differences seem to a large extent typical of the national characteristics of the two countries. The sense of ease, tolerance, and *laissez-faire*, which is typical of the English temperament, pervades Oxford, and will undoubtedly tend to render it insusceptible to change either for better or for worse. A sense of scientific and business-like management, of tangible accomplishment, characterizes American ideals, and finds its place in Yale. It will as certainly assist the university to go forward from improvement to improvement in the evolution of a first-class college system.

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

IN REPLY to the frequent charge that we only present the "wet" side of the prohibition issue we are glad to announce that the leading article of the next issue is by a "dry". In "A Prohibitionist Faces Facts" Francis M. Cockerell, son of the late Senator from Missouri and a strong supporter of the Eighteenth Amendment, admits that the use of liquor cannot be entirely suppressed by legislation and that an obligation to remedy present conditions rests upon those responsible for them—namely the prohibitionists.

AMERICA'S ANNUAL BILL for cosmetics is at least $2,000,000,000. The tonnage of alluringly named creams, lotions, rouges, etc., consumed yearly is staggering and the lipsticks used, if placed end to end would reach from Chicago to Los Angeles. Such at least is the claim of Paul W. White, a member of the staff of the United Press. In "Our Booming Beauty Business," Mr. White explains how the "beautician" thrives and the woman pays.

THE VOLUME OF correspondence that we have received on the subject of Miss I. A. R. Wylie's "The Merest Trifle" published recently in the Outlook and Independent would indicate that our readers have a distinct interest in religion. In "God, 1930" Gilbert P. Simons reveals his personal convictions. While not a member of any church, Mr. Simons indicates that the younger men are still thinking about religion although their definition of it may differ from that formally accepted.

THE APPROACHING London Naval Disarmament Conference is certain to provoke a spirited discussion of the problems of parity and the freedom of the seas. In "A Preface to Parity" Henry Kittredge Norton explains many of the complicated problems which must be solved before a satisfactory agreement can be reached and suggests that the success of the conference may depend on Great Britain's ability to arrive at an understanding with France and Italy. Mr. Norton is a well known author and journalist.

The Theatre

By **FRANCIS R. BELLAMY**

QUARRELLING with dramatists who amuse you in spite of yourself seems a footless business; particularly when the playwright in question appears to please his audiences.

But we feel just that way about Mr. St. John Ervine's new comedy, *The First Mrs. Fraser*. We are haunted by a picture of Mr. Ervine viewing Ina Claire in, let us say, Somerset Maugham's *Our Betters*—and saying to himself, "Go to! I shall write just such a smartly amusing comedy! Ina Claire, as the attractive wife who is deserted by her Scotch husband for a mere gold digger—only to triumph over both magnificently, in the third act!"

Presto, *The First Mrs. Fraser;* only with Grace George in the title rôle, instead of the accomplished Miss Claire.

Obviously, we are unfair to Mr. Ervine. And yet we cannot shake off our absurd animus toward that erstwhile critic because he has apparently not come through with a strikingly original or distinguished play; but instead has chosen to take all the old tricks out of the bag, and make us laugh at them. More, there remains with us a most unpleasant impression of the subtle emotional undercurrents on which Mr. Ervine has set his characters adrift. We do not like smart young sons who speak like cads to their fathers. We are not attracted by ladies who insult each other and play sharp tricks to gain their ends. We do not believe that rich Scotch husbands who desert their wives for cheap gold diggers, who are so dumb that they are cuckolds and so egotistical that they return complacently to their first wives under the impression that these wives are still their property—we do not believe that such husbands are so attractive that ladies worth marrying spend their time waiting for them to return.

There is none of the original perception of *Jane Clegg* in this play. Instead, there is a stunted hatred of passion, *per se;* of youth, labelled selfish; of groups called Younger Generations, professing New Philosophies.

Really, for Mr. Ervine it is rather stupid. Thank God for A. E. Mathews and the genial Mr. Grossmith and occasionally for Grace George. Here are attractive people whom even their rôles cannot make repellent. Here, too, are skillful actors who can make unbelievable situations genuinely entertaining.

If *The First Mrs. Fraser* were a devastating satire on certain people in society, we should not complain. But it is an uneven comedy in which Mr. Ervine occasionally preaches—and we are unable to believe in his presentation of human motives and psychology. Luckily, laughter is not always akin to tears. Luckily, that is, for Mr. Ervine. For the beholder there remains an unpleasant after taste, as if one had been laughing at dwarfs. To judge from this play, Mr. Ervine's perceptions of the verities of human emotion have not kept pace with his intellectual abilities.

In fact, as an example of the English point of view, we much prefer Mr. Charles B. Cochran's London revue, *Wake Up and Dream*. Here is that handsome devil Jack Buchanan singing "She's such a comfort to me," playing the lover in one skit, the gigolo in another, the enraptured and idiotic traffic court defendant in a third, and generally being his engaging self. Here is Tilly Losch dancing most enchantingly, Tina Meller doing startling specialties, and a young lady named Jessie Mathews presenting the Briton's idea of a musical comedy lead. Here, too, is such an absurd affair as the famous performing horse "Pogo" with his belligerent eye and his unmanageable legs.

Place these characters in a succession of scenes which might have been collaborated on by Lewis Carroll in his *Alice In Wonderland* mood and M. Balieff in his more sane *Chauve Souris* moments—and you have *Wake Up and Dream*.

Cole Porter could have contributed better lyrics and music. We doubt if it will be remembered in twenty years. But it is very engaging, for all of that.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- It's a Wise Child
- Berkeley Square
- Fifty Million Frenchmen
- Sons o' Guns

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Silver Swan
- Heads Up
- Sketch Book
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light
- June Moon
- Veneer
- Game of Love and Death

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- How's Your Health
- Street Singer
- Criminal Code
- A Wonderful Night
- Mendel Inc.
- Young Sinners
- Salt Water

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"The Laughing Lady"

EVER since the people in Hollywood started carefully explaining how perfectly terrible the new stage actors imported to meet the talkie problem were, we have had some fine films made by these very performers. *The Laughing Lady* with Ruth Chatterton is the most recent example. It is excellent adult entertainment, Clive Brook being the gentleman in question, while Victor Schertzinger directed from a play in which Ethel Barrymore starred some time ago. Miss Chatterton always brings to the screen intelligence, the ability to act and a beguiling, mature voice. It is her performance then—and that of the polished Mr. Brook, which make *The Laughing Lady* good entertainment.

The story has a stagy flavor, it is true—a flavor of polite comedy, but it is sufficiently well done to be more than usually successful. As *The Laughing Lady* Miss Chatterton is the wife of pompous Hector Lee, a gigantically big business man. When she is absurdly accused of having an affair with a life guard at a summer resort he quickly divorces her to save his reputation in the business world. Almost immediately thereafter his lawyer, Mr. Brook, looks quite hard at the lady and decides to marry her himself. The film pokes a good deal of fun at tabloid newspapers and their reporters.

"The Mighty"

George Bancroft, the big brawn and muscle man of the movies, is now appearing in a war talkie which is prominently advertised as containing "no theme song—no dancing," all of which is vastly encouraging to movie reviewers. At last some of our nasty cracks are beginning to sink home. I am sorry to report then, that, while it has moments of effective melodrama toward the end, *The Mighty* is patchy and has little freshness.

First we see the healthy Mr. Bancroft as one of a gang of yeggs who is drafted much against his will, and sent to France in 1917. In a little while he returns to America with the rank of Major and a deck of medals. Here he is made chief of police of a small city to "clean up the crooks by military methods," much as Smedley Butler was called in to clean up Philadelphia some years ago. Of course his old gang turns up and wants him to help them frisk the town but Bancroft clings to the straight and narrow path, defeats the crooks and wins the love of Esther Ralston who has been standing prettily about.

"No, No, Nanette"

This matter of musical comedies on the screen is getting pretty badly out of hand. A great deal of altering and renovating has been done since *No, No, Nanette* was last taken out of the mothballs, and the final Technicolor sequences will knock your eye out—both eyes if you're not careful. There are as many chorus girls walking up and down steps in the last scene as there were horses in D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. If sheer physical mass movement makes for success in a musical show, the movies seem ready to give till it hurts. A little of the original music remains.

"Hell's Heroes"

Every now and then the powers that be, slip up on themselves and turn out a grim little tragedy. Such a film is Universal's *Hell's Heroes* which Director William Wyler has made from Peter B. Kyne's story. For the most part it is a vivid account of three escaping bank robbers dying slowly of thirst in the desert, and of sacrifices for a baby they discovered in a covered wagon. Much of it is fairly painful, for few concessions were made to those of tender sensibilities.

Worth Seeing

Devil May Care: Ramon Novarro singing pleasantly in a mild operetta of Napoleon's time.

Disraeli: George Arliss in an exact reproduction of his notable stage success.

Condemned: Ronald Colman and Ann Harding playing at being on a convict island—not very convincing.

The Love Parade: Maurice Chevalier in a generally good musical film. Lubitsch directed.

The Taming of the Shrew: Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in Shakespeare's rousing comedy.

The Virginian: A thumping western talkie with a fine and convincing performance by Gary Cooper. Well worth a visit.

Not So Good

Dynamite: Cecil de Mille, the old crusader, shows up riches in favor of poverty.

Sally: Marilyn Miller in a film edition of the Ziegfeld show.

The Show of Shows: Everybody in Hollywood running past the camera.

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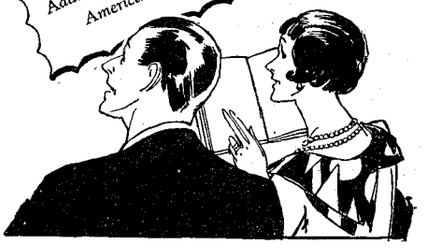

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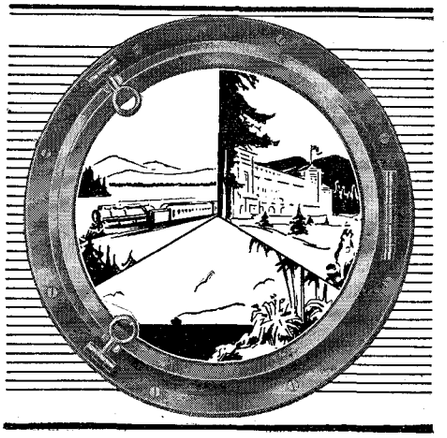
TRAVEL SUGGESTIONS AND INFORMATION FOR OUTLOOK READERS



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By W. R. BROOKS

IF YOU HAVE READ the Five Foot Shelf, learned how to talk French to the waiter, become a Pelmanite, bought several cases of Listerine, taken saxophone lessons, modeled yourself on Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle, studied the Book of Etiquette, and enrolled with all the correspondence schools,—if you have done all these things and are still a failure,—if when you so much as open your mouth they leap out of windows and generally give an imitation of a theatre audience at the shout of "Fire!"—there are still two courses open to you, according to our morning's mail, before trying to blow out your brains with a mail order pistol.

Take first the case of Fred Holmes. "You could have heard a pin drop in the board room. Quietly, easily, but with brilliance and cleverness, he set forth his hopes and plans for the company. The older men, sitting around the big table, gazed at him with admiration. They couldn't have done it. They wondered where he had acquired his command of language, his extraordinary flow of ideas, and his power to phrase them so epigramatically."

So they asked him. "He modestly waved aside their praise, and lifted a couple of books out of his desk drawer." Emerson's Complete Works! Simple, wasn't it? Personally, we think Fred made a mistake in telling. We'll bet all those directors went right out and bought sets for themselves, and then where would Fred be?

Of course he could then follow the second course—buy the Book of Conversation. For selling, the prospectus tells us, is only a highly developed form of that art. And this book shows you how to talk forcefully, how to control a conversation, how to make small talk and pleasantries, and even gives actual samples of what to say under all sorts of circumstances. Keep the book with you and all you have to do when your speech engine stalls is turn the pages until you find what you need. The time will no doubt come when at every big conference or dinner each person will have his Conversation Book at his left hand, open for consultation at the first opening of his neighbor. Still and all, there are a few contingencies in which the book would have a difficult job. What to say, for instance, to the cop when you've run past the traffic light. There come times, after all, when there is nothing left to do but light a Murad.

THE ROOKEH CHAIR, made by Venturus, was seen at Wanamaker's. It's an officer's chair, and is excellent for beach or lawn, since it is good looking, will fold up, and is adjustable, as to both arms and back. It's very strong, and a seat cushion can be had with it.

Also in this store, carved ivory figurines of characters from Dickens, very amusing and evidently taken from the Cruikshank illustrations. And a library waste basket, square, and made of the covers of two large hand-tooled brown leather books. And for the children a collapsible playhouse, of fibre board painted in bright colors, with door and shutters that open and close and detachable awnings. It is 4 feet high, 3 wide and 39 inches long. Closed: 42 x 29 x 2 inches.

IF YOU WANT to convert your easy chair into a sort of chaise longue, there is a contraption called the relaxor, which is made in various waterproof coverings, and which you can attach to said chair. It's a kind of glorified footrest.

IF YOU'VE HAD difficulty getting a proper light on your bridge table, there are two adjustable lamps with metal shades which clamp on opposite corners of the table and give even distribution of radiance without glare. The lamps can remain in position after the table is folded up and put away. They come lacquered in red, light or dark green, and black.

SOLIDON ISN'T particularly new, but maybe you don't know about it. It's a substitute for plaster, applied in the same way, but it is harder and it won't crack. Moreover, it dries much quicker, since it contains 90% less water, and can be painted over normally in forty-eight hours after it is applied. Only one thin coat, 1/16 to 1/8 inch thick, is required, and it can be applied over wall board, concrete, brick or tile.

WE KNOW OF A very neat dressing table, 30 inches high, 33 long and 16 wide; curved, so that you can sit close to it, and with shelves below covered by drapery which is attached to wings that you swing out to get at the shelves—honestly, do you understand what we're trying to get at? We didn't think that sentence was going to be so long. Anyway, the table costs $7.95, and we think it's a good one.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Refuge

THE MAN WHO WAS homeless walked along the city streets as though he might be going somewhere. Once in a while he would lift his head and look about him with a wary eye; a strange look, bright and perceiving yet remote, like the look of a child, or a scientist, or a cat at dark. Those who noticed it were sure that he was plotting something; but nothing that mattered. And for all his shabby clothes and rough hair, he looked harmless.

He did not often risk that answering look from a passerby. There was no knowing when it might rest too steadily upon his face—to be followed by a hand upon his shoulder. He would then be forced to answer certain questions—name; his own, which meant nothing—age; thirty-nine, meaning a bum—home; none, which might mean prison. For he was in a jungle of civilization, surrounded by life unknown to him, that might at any moment spring and close. He had never broken any law of this jungle except the law of conformity. He could not live like other men.

The wind was chilly through the darkening air, and as he turned a sharp corner the fellow hunched himself deeper into his ragged collar. Almost there now—though as he realized it his step lagged; he loitered and suddenly appeared to be lost. For he had realized just in time that it was not yet dark enough. Another turn around the block would do it. He hoped he hadn't been noticed, and quickened his step.

As he passed his destination he did not even lift his head. Others did. Others looked at the desolate lot of earth and wondered when the eyesore would be gone. For here were the broken walls and disturbed pedestals of the old House of Refuge, long since demolished.

Darkness slowly filled the hollows and pitfalls of the ruined lot, and hid the final approach of the outcast, who might now be one of the disconsolate shadows creeping over the cold earth. On hands and knees, he covered the short distance over broken stone and frozen earth. Without doubt he felt himself a thief, knowing what he had to steal. He reached at last an aperture in a crumbling wall filled with blackness. Into this he crawled confidently. Once inside he needed no light, only his hand which took quick count of the furniture. His couch—he flung himself down with the joy of weariness. His blanket—he pulled the tattered cover up about his shoulders, sighing with relief and slow warmth.

Time now for supper and companionship. Making a strange cluck in his throat, he turned his head and listened. From the surrounding crevices and small retreats, there sounded a cautious scratching—a scurrying—a squeak. For the first time the man spoke.

"I hear you! Come on out." And he spoke five names clearly and distinctly. After each name he paused.

"Squeak!" came the reply, "Squeak! Squeak—" each one more joyful, nearer, followed by scampering feet.

"All here?" he asked, and stretching out a forefinger he counted noses—one—two—three—four—five. "Good boys," he said approvingly, and reaching one hand into a nearby crevice, another into his pocket, he brought out supper. Dry crusts that he had salvaged from the streets—rain water in a broken bottle. And enough for all.

Six souls!—he exulted to himself—Six souls, housed and fed and warmed through his efforts! Life was wonderful—the city was wonderful, providing a man so simply with all that he could need. He ate and drank, conversed, and listened with satisfaction to his companions. After eating he spoke drowsily into the darkness, "Good-night, you fellows." He heard the obedient patter of their feet, retreating to far corners.

He opened his eyes as the sun struck slantingly into the protected cave. Below him, on the earth floor, the five innocent ones were dancing gayly. They had eaten too well the night before! He too—he had overslept. As he sat up slowly he had a feeling of heaviness—of suspicion—of danger.

"Yes, yes!" he spoke crossly, "Here is breakfast. Be quiet, you fellows. You make too much noise—" the sun was up—the jungle was awake.

And even as he stretched himself a shadow fell across his open doorway. A hand fell roughly on his shoulder. In response to that hand he dropped the ragged blanket—he rose up in despair from the discarded automobile seat that had been his bed. To the rats that crouched at his feet he spoke five names, tenderly, but without hope. He gave a final look about his home—so difficult to achieve, so beautiful in its moment of abandonment.

And into the cold sunlight he moved heavily after the brisk shadow trigly coated in blue.

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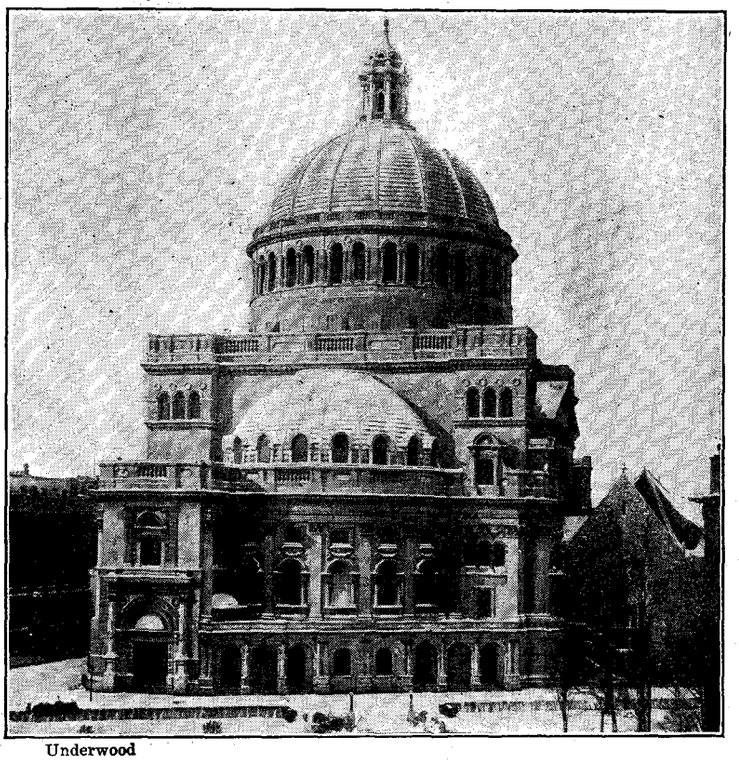
A Final Triumph; Then Death

(Continued from Page 105)

of the only lack of clarity being in the questions propounded by the Masters. Indeed it may well be that their astonishment at the clarity of her mind, particularly on the subject of municipal investments, may have robbed them for the moment of their equanimity; and their questions must at times have seemed to her to display the most capricious changeability of subject. Perhaps it was to relieve the social awkwardness that upon their most surprising question, "Are you fond of music?" she seized upon the hint like any hostess and sent for Calvin Frye to show the gentlemen her "artificial singer," which would "imitate a voice." When the visitors had followed Calvin Frye into an adjoining room and listened to the gramophone, Mrs. Eddy's bell summoned them to the library again, and although they had considered the interview at an end and now said that they did not wish to weary her, she explained that she would deem it a favor to be allowed to make a few further explanations concerning her discoveries of mind healing and her progression into Christian Science. She made a long statement and when she had finished thanked them for their kindness and attention, and the visitors took their leave. They marched silently through the group of assembled reporters, took their places in the waiting carriage, and drove straight to the court.

With a brave show of confidence the lawyers continued for a few days with the usual legal skirmishes, and on August 22nd, counsel for Next Friends moved for the dismissal of the suit, which "had already accomplished its real purpose—the discovery and safeguarding of Mrs. Eddy's fortune."

The latter statement was, in effect, quite true. For although no evidence of chicane was found (indeed the only error in Calvin Frye's accounts seems to have been one of a few hundred dollars, and that against himself), and the various transfers of Mrs. Eddy's copyrights and properties to her advisers seem only to have been for her protection and to have brought the holders no profit for themselves, the trusteeship created at the time of the Next Friends' Suit was by far more substantial, efficient, and unassailable than any arrangement that might probably have been made by her without the pressure of the Next Friends' Suit. Some time later an agreement was reached by which George Glover received a total of $250,000 from his mother, and J. Foster Eddy, $50,000. By the terms of this agreement, George Glover also returned to his mother all of the letters she had written him, many of which had been made public during the publicity attendant upon the Next Friends' Suit, and which Mrs. Eddy and her counsellors had long made every effort to get from him.



Underwood

The Mother Church, Boston, Massachusetts

So much attention had thus been centered upon Pleasant View that Mrs. Eddy, succumbing once again to the old fear of evil turned in her direction, decided abruptly upon a change of residence. For the sum of $100,000 the mansion of Robert P. Walker in Chestnut Hill, a suburb of Boston, was purchased, alterations made, and furnished for Mrs. Eddy's occupancy. Two shifts of workmen labored day and night to make it ready, for Mrs. Eddy could not escape from Pleasant View too soon. Heavily guarded, and with a special locomotive going before her train to clear the tracks, Mrs. Eddy, attended by the faithful Laura Sargent, Calvin Frye, Dr. Morrill, a physician and Mrs. Eddy's cousin, and other members of her household, made the journey from Concord to the magnificent new home in Chestnut Hill.

It was here that she lived for the last three years of her life, from 1908 until the end of 1910. In the first of those years the great Christian Science publishing house was completed, and the daily newspaper, *The Christian Science Monitor*, was added to the list of Christian Science periodicals. In those years the Leader's Dedicatory Messages went forth to the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of London; to the First Church, of Edinburgh, Scotland; the First Church of Sidney, Australia. In those years the "watches" were kept all night at Chestnut Hill. In those years Mrs. Eddy sat in the twilight and talked to Adam Dickey of her life. One day she called him to her and asked him to promise her that if she should ever "go away" that he would write the record of his experiences in her service at Chestnut Hill. "Will you promise me," she said, "that you will write a history of what has transpired in your experiences with me, and say that I was mentally murdered?"

"Yes, Mother, I will," Adam Dickey promised. And he did.

The Leader's strength was waning fast in the winter of 1910, but she was up and about until the last. On the night of Saturday, Dec. 3rd, in the eighty-ninth year of her life, Mrs. Eddy passed quietly and painlessly away. Her work had been accomplished; and her turbulent and undaunted spirit was free at last of its long warfare with the flesh.

(The End)

After the First Decade

(Continued from Page 85)

in France and in some other countries which had made of the League, as a safeguard against war, the pivot of their foreign policies. The proposals were resented as "a covert attack upon the League" and an attempt to supersede it. For this curious reasoning I could find no explanation until I went

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to the League Assembly in September 1928, the Peace Pact, as it is now called, having been signed in Paris a few days earlier. I found the Assembly bewildered and nonplussed. Every delegation was reluctant to open the debate. All of them felt that the Peace Pact had placed the work of the League in a new and unfamiliar dimension. For nine years the aim had been to prevent war. The League had settled, or helped to settle, a score of international disputes, any one of which might otherwise have led to hostilities, and it had actually stopped, or lent a hand in stopping, two wars after they had begun. The Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance in 1923, the Geneva Protocol of 1924, and the Locarno Treaties of 1925 had all been inspired by the same object—the prevention of war—but all of them had assumed the outbreak of war, somewhere, somehow, to be the major probability of the future. The League had talked of peace and had thought of war. Suddenly, the Paris Peace Pact called upon statesmen and peoples to conceive peace, not war, as the major probability, and to take peace instead of war as a working hypothesis. The Assembly of 1928 needed some weeks to recover from the shock if, indeed, it did recover.

By September, 1929, progress had been made. A preliminary Anglo-American understanding for the limitation, if not the reduction, of naval armaments was in sight on the basis of the Peace Pact. The Assembly was clearly divided into two main groups—those who were still thinking in terms of the prevention of war, and those which were beginning to think of the Peace Pact as involving what President Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were presently to term a "positive obligation" to conduct national policy in accordance with its pledge. The latter were, at first, in a minority. Before the Assembly ended they were a majority. The London Naval Conference may decide which of these two schools of thought, the negative or the positive, will finally triumph. Upon its decision the future of the League itself may hang.

If I believe in the future of the League as an agency for the promotion of positive peace, it is because I am convinced that the League responds to the aspirations of peoples, and that the Covenant was not an artificial creation, despite the methods followed at the Paris Peace Conference. General Smuts, who had as much as any man to do with the drafting of the Covenant, said last November at Oxford:

"So far from the Covenant being visionary or out of relation to the facts and the exigencies of the time, it is clear beyond all doubt that the Covenant sprang out of the actual situation at the end of the War and the temper it had created in the minds of men. If ever a great result arose directly out of the necessities of a terrible situation, the Covenant was *par excellence* such a birth of time. Its form was, of course, shaped by the minds and thoughts of those who elaborated it; its substance, its real being, was the direct response to the measureless woes and the boundless hopes of the human race at the end of the World War. It was the child of the human race and of no individual or set of individuals."

If General Smuts is right, and I think he is right, the League did not happen by accident. As a "birth of time" and a "child of the human race" it has grown in ways not foreseen by its foster-parents in Paris, but its very growth proves its vitality. It evolved its own organs, the Permanent Secretariate and the World Court of International Justice at The Hague. It took international health and the protection of women and children under its care. It repatriated hundreds of thousands of war prisoners, and watched over Russian, Armenian, Greek and Bulgarian refugees. It mitigated the lot of racial and religious minorities; and it co-ordinated and is seeking to improve labor conditions throughout the world.

These things it has done and is doing. What it may do in the next decade will depend both upon the spirit within it and upon the spirit which surrounds it, especially in the organization of peace throughout disarmament and the renunciation of war. Only when peace has been accepted as a lasting condition of civilized mankind will the League's power for positive good be revealed; for that power will grow in proportion as the League is able to set before the nations in concert some higher object than any single State could achieve by itself. Its main function will be to liberate the forces that make for purposeful co-operation among men. To this end it should lead the peoples to work together when they have learned to obey the injunction not to fight. By acting as the servant, not the master, of nations it may, in time, convince even hardened skeptics that its establishment marked a constructive phase in a moral revolution of which the outbreak of the World War was the violent and destructive beginning.

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By

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Its "Wants" Will Fill Yours

In Defense of the Senate

(Continued from Page 89)

minutes, or exactly four and eight-tenths seconds for each individual item in the bill.

Among the bills on which general debate was limited to one hour by special rules were an amendment to the prohibition act, a pay raise for employees in the customs service, a civil service retirement bill, four bills creating new Federal judgeships, a Florida flood relief bill, three immigration bills involving admissibility of aliens, and a bill authorizing the government to embark upon the Nicaraguan canal project by making a survey. The ratification of the Austrian debt settlement was allowed an hour and a half, the bill continuing the Federal Radio commission two hours, the Greek debt settlement and the reapportionment bill three hours, the 1930 census bill four hours, the 15 cruiser bill six hours, the Boulder dam bill involving $165,000,000 eight hours, and the $325,000,000 Mississippi flood control bill twelve hours.

AMONG the differences in the rules of the two houses that belong in the contributory category is such a physical thing as size—96 members against 435.

In the larger body it is almost impossible to maintain reasonable order. In the Senate it is always maintained. Consequently speeches in the House are usually made amid turmoil. They are often completely unheard except by a few sitting down near the well. For any one else it is generally useless to listen, if not because it is impossible to hear without great effort, then because nothing is being said that it is worthwhile to hear. In the Senate speeches are always heard by any one who wants to listen. Those who do not, wander out in the lobby rather than talk aloud among themselves on the floor. And, although there is difference of opinion on this subject, and my contention may be regarded by many as debatable, something may occasionally be learned by listening to speeches in the Senate.

The rising of certain members customarily provokes a general exodus from the chamber,—Heflin, Blease, Ashurst, Smith, Copeland, Brookhart, Blaine—but those who want to sit at their feet and listen to the words of wisdom, may do so without disturbance. Since order is habitually maintained and speeches may be heard the debate has more effect.

Another contributory condition lies in the relative political importance of a senator and a representative. The latter is usually the creature of a political organization. His return for another term depends on a faithful effort to do favors for various influential individuals and groups in his flock, or to secure the passage of local legislation, a new postoffice, a river improvement, anything that will bring government money to the district. With this, of course, goes the ability to satisfy the political potentates who rule his district. That is done by party regularity. The representative does as his party directs on national affairs and then falls back upon his party to reelect him. Usually he is too weak politically to dare to do otherwise.

In the Senate, however, it is different. Prima donna politicians have one advantage. They can be independent. The party in their state frequently follows them. Because of the prestige of the United States Senate, many of the men who come to it are the political aces and kings of their states. Twenty-two members of the Senate were governors first. Many of them are party leaders in their states—Barkley of Kentucky, Borah of Idaho, Deneen of Illinois, George of Georgia, Glass of Virginia; Harrison of Mississippi; Johnson of California; La Follette of Wisconsin, Moses of New Hampshire; Norris of Nebraska; Robinson of Arkansas; Shipstead of Minnesota; Simmons of North Carolina; Walsh of Montana; Watson of Indiana; Wagner of New York. Many others are near leaders.

MEN WHOSE positions are as strong as theirs do not have to bow to the President of the United States or anybody. They are political stars in the strongest sense. If they do not like any particular feature of the party platform they vote against it and go into the next national convention leading a movement to revise it.

Consequently, party lines are very weak in the Senate and very strong in the House. The effectiveness of independence in the Senate is much greater too, because behind it is an average political experience and intelligence much greater than in the House. There are many exceptions in the Senate perhaps, to the assumption of intelligence, particularly among the Southern Democrats, but even the Smiths and the Heflins and the Bleases and the Tammells, or, on the Republican side, the Brookharts, the Blaines, and the Goulds, are no worse than their counterparts in the House. On the contrary there are few members of the House who have demonstrated any equality with the "best minds" of the Senate, such as Reed, Borah, Norris, Walsh of Montana, Cutting, George, Glass, Johnson, McNary and Wagner.

Because of this political leadership and general experience and ability to defend their positions, the only thing most Senators have to do is to be certain not to offend popular opinion back home too seriously, and they can stand for anything they like. That is the reason that men who call themselves Republicans can speak scathingly or deprecatingly or scornfully of President Hoover.

What does it matter to Hiram Johnson that Herbert Hoover comes from California and refuses to invite him to dinner? Johnson was reelected in 1928 by 865,986 plurality, although he was known to be unfriendly to the candidate for President whose plurality was only 547,958. What does it matter to Young Bob La Follette whether the Republican party approves of him or not? His majority last fall over his lone opponent, a regular Republican, was over 550,000, a majority greater than Al Smith ever received in New York City, which has more than twice the population of Wisconsin.

What does it matter to David A. Reed that Herbert Hoover wants a limited revision of the tariff? After all, Reed received almost 1,000,000 plurality in Pennsylvania last fall.

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With Our Readers

More Pay For the Navy

New York City

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The article, "Sale, Navy, Sale," in your issue for 18 December was most timely and I am sure that all Naval personnel will appreciate the assistance rendered by a journal of your standing at this critical time. The Naval Officer's Wife in no way exaggerated conditions. In my own case, after service in the Navy as a lieutenant since the time we entered the World War, I received until recently only $248 a month as against the $264 I would receive under the 1908 schedule of pay which was changed in 1922—a *decrease* of over six per cent to meet an *increase* in the cost of living of over one hundred per cent. A few weeks ago, I received my triennial "raise" of $10 a month, still leaving me short of my "1908 pay."

The whole situation is admirably summed up in a letter from the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, E. L. Jahncke, to the Secretary of War, in which he urges the latter's cooperation in recommending legislation for equitable pay for the services. The paragraphs quoted below succinctly state the case. The present (1922) pay schedule reads like a selection from *Alice in Wonderland*. I have never been able to find civilians who could even comprehend it or understand how such conditions could exist.

Very respectfully,

NAVY LIEUTENANT

The following paragraphs are from Assistant Secretary Jahncke's letter referred to above.

"The last substantial change in the pay of officers of the military establishments was in 1908. Since 1908 the cost of living in the United States has more than doubled. The 1908 dollar is now worth but 49 cents. The readjustment Pay Act of 1922 made a very slight increase, less than 10 per cent on the average, and in the main simply robbed Peter to pay Paul, the lowest grade being reduced and the highest practically unchanged.

"Taking the pay schedule of 1908 as equitable and one that satisfied both Congress and the service at the time, it is not reasonable to assume that officers should maintain themselves on what in purchasing value is now on the average practically half that pay.

"Officers have borrowed to the limit on their life insurance and on their credit in the banks, and many are resigning. Others, too devoted to the service or too old in service to resign, are seeking employment out of hours to eke out their pay.

"In addition to the general inadequacy of pay, there are obvious and glaring discriminations that should receive immediate Congressional attention. For instance, in the Navy we have a rear admiral in command of 40 ships receiving less pay than two lieutenants under his command. There are many cases of commanding officers receiving less than their subordinates. Two officers of the same rank doing the same duty on the same ship may differ in pay as much as $3,500 per annum.

"In commercial life such conditions would be an absurdity. They would quickly remedy themselves or the activity would go out of business. In the military service discipline and devotion to duty forbid open protest."

A Comparison With England

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

This article in current issue is curious reading to those who know something of other countries. The wife of an officer in the British Navy had no such troubles —at least prior to turning the world upside down by the Peace. From what I hear however, recent economy has not been wreaked on Naval Officers' pay and allowances. In the happy days of which I speak an Admiral had four thousand pounds a year ($20,000) for what was called "Table Money." Out of that he footed the bill when entertaining was necessary. Other officers had lesser amounts, and when one of lower rank than an admiral was senior officer on a station he could claim the allowance of his senior, if called upon to offer similar hospitality.

The remuneration of all officials in this country is far below that of similar offices in Britain. e. g. a Cabinet Minister there gets $25,000, here he receives half that sum. An assistant secretary of treasury there gets $15,000, here he receives $4,500. A supreme court judge gets from $30,000 to $40,000; here he receives $14,000. When we come to state officials the discrepancies are worse, but they save expense in Britain by dispensing with the army of district attorneys which works so hard here to fill our crowded prisons. There someone representing the police briefly states the allegation, examines witnesses and then leaves it to judge, jury and defendant's counsel to finish the business.

GERALD SCOTT

Short Criticism:

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

The life of Mrs. Eddy as printed in your paper, reminds me, that this author could find plenty of "dirt" about Geo. Washington and Abraham Lincoln and would suggest that she write biographies of them, along the same level and tone of thought.

CHRISTIAN B. LEARS

Picking on Pennsylvania

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

As a subscriber to your magazine I am taking the privilege of writing to you with regard to the sneering attitude toward Pennsylvania, and our newly appointed Senator which you have taken.

In my opinion Joseph R. Grundy was the best possible man that Governor Fisher could have selected for the position. Mr. Grundy is a business man, and as such he understands Pennsylvania's business problems—a vital need in an industrial state.

Permit me to say further that I would think more of your magazine if you took a more constructive attitude toward the progress of business—that you gave more attention to the worth while things and less to the things that are not worth while.

CHARLES BROOKE

A New Commandment

Princeton, New Jersey

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Referring to no article or editorial in particular, is the Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement supposed to seek the truth regarding the prohibition situation; or is it expected to unearth the fact that the Eighteenth amendment was inadvertently left off the tablets of stone which came down from Sinai?

If the former, why the cries of anguish recently eminating from the halls of the Senate? If the latter, why any talk of further appropriations? Surely any member of the Commission given a good stenographer and a half hour's uninterrupted time, could do the archaeological investigation necessary to that end.

JOHN S. VAN NEST

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Outlook and Independent Classified Section

COPY *for Feb. 19 issue, due on or before Feb. 5. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . or write*
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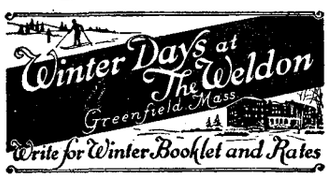

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THIEF'S PROGRESS
The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

The first installment of this unusual story will appear in the issue of February fifth. It will cover the first thirty years of the author's life ending with his release from Mattewan in July 1925, a few weeks before his thirty-first birthday.

●

He began his career when he was a very young boy by stealing small sums from the cash drawer in his father's grocery store. This habit developed into a professional accomplishment. In later years he became one of the most expert shop lifters in the Underworld. During his entire criminal career he was arrested eleven times and served six terms in prison. His first prison sentence was begun when he was only sixteen. Twice he has been committed to insane asylums.

●

"The main purpose of my story," says Mr. Coffey, "is dramatic, effective presentation of certain ideas and in addition, an individual and social program based upon those ideas. The ideas arose out of my experiences in the events that preceded. They have fulfilled a desperate need for clear sure guidance toward a way of life that would bring happiness instead of increasing unhappiness. Unhappiness that brought me one day in the solitary cell of Blackwell's Island, to attempt suicide by biting through the arteries of my wrists, the only means open to me of accomplishing it."

●

Mr. Coffey is now married and living in New York where he is a wood dealer. His story is an important social document contributing to a much deeper understanding of the interior of our prisons and the personal lives of their inmates. It is also an absorbing human document and a vivid picture of life in the Underworld and in our prisons.

Beginning in the February 5th Issue

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With Our Readers

That Philadelphia Machine

Reading, Pa.

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Permit me as a Pennsylvanian to take exception to your recent statements, tending to malign our electorate, as follows: "Moreover, in Grundy the machine seems to have a candidate who will prove quite to Pennsylvania's taste in the election of 1930. Indeed the really depressing thing is that both Vare and Grundy seem to impress the people of Pennsylvania as first-class senatorial timber."

One cannot as yet quote figures on Grundy, but the official returns of the notorious 1926 election (taken from the Pennsylvania Manual for 1927, issued by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania), whereby William S. Vare, Republican, was credited with defeating William B. Wilson, Democrat and Laborite, are given below. These figures prove conclusively that Vare was NOT acceptable to "the people of Pennsylvania," having endeared himself only to the corrupt-and-contented citizens of Philadelphia.

VOTE FOR U. S. SENATOR

(Whole state EXCEPT Philadelphia)	
Wilson	575,056
Vare	515,634
Philadelphia Only	
Wilson	73,624
Vare	306,553
Total for State	
Wilson	648,680
Vare	822,187

Of the 67 counties in Pennsylvania, Vare carried only 12, losing the other 55 to Wilson. Is it not clear from these figures that your references to Pennsylvania's depravity should be restricted to Philadelphia, which the Vare machine dominates? Observe that Pittsburgh, seat of an allied machine is absorbed in the above totals.

HENRY MCK. ROTHERMEL

Bootlegging in Boston

Massachusetts

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Watch and Ward bound Massachusetts raises its eyes long enough from the pages of Cotton Mather and John Bunyan to express its unmistakable disproval of the killing of three of its most dependable bootleggers. Sheriffs may kill in Omaha or Peoria, or even as near home as Buffalo, but to attempt to cut off the local supply just before the holidays is carrying the thing too far. Why, argue the Bostonians, should they be denied the opportunity of paying twelve dollars a quart for the contraband when the Coast Guardsmen at New London drink it up without paying for it at all. In spite of this minor diversion of the general supply, however, residents of the Hub seem to have been able to exchange their twelve dollar bills for something more potent than Grimm's Fairy Tales, for Boston experienced the most hilarious "night before" that it has ever seen with some three hundred wards of a famous society finding their way into the various police stations.

AMOS R. HOBBS

The High Price of Health

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Dr. Morris Fishbein's editorial on "The Cost of Modern Medical Care" in your issue of January 1, reveals the editor of "The Journal of the American Medical Association" in the role of a professional press agent for the physicians. As is usual, when prices are boosted we are told that what we must consider is not the cost but the increased service, which few of us want or need. We are told that we are expected to pay for three to four attendants per patient in our hospitals, that we must pay for the cystoscope, the X-ray and all the other gadgets of the well-dressed doctor, when most of us would trade the lot for one good general practitioner. And finally, we are informed that if we don't like it, all we need to do is to give up our automobiles, radios and pianos in times of health, in order to be able to pay the doctor enough to give him his new scientific toys, his far too numerous assistants and colleagues, his palatial offices, and, perhaps, his automobile, radio and piano.

I have too much respect for the medical profession to believe that Dr. Fishbein correctly represents their views in his brusque dismissal of the plea for more reasonable medical charges. As an illustration, let me observe that one normal confinement recently cost a friend of mine the sum of $1,000 for prenatal care and hospital charges (which were ordered by the physician), and that he still owes the additional sum of $500 for normal obstetrical charges. All of these, moreover, were cut-price fees and there were no complications. A recent visit to a diagnostician cost me $75 for the scientifically acquired information that there was nothing wrong. This is the medico-economic problem which all Dr. Fishbein's dialectic fails to dismiss. His argument raises medicine to the dignity of the higher salesmanship. I suspect that there are still some physicians who regard it as a profession and who are becoming as generally concerned as the layman over the disproportionate share of the patient's dollar which is being extorted by the big parade of trained nurses, anaesthetists, hospital charges, radioscopy, cystoscopy, and by the specialists who cannot treat a sore throat without calling on the X-ray, the exodontist and two other specialists to prove that it isn't rheumatism or goitre.

JOHN CARTER

Medical Correction

Boston, Massachusetts

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

In the issue of the Outlook and Independent for November 13th, 1929, an article by Helena Huntington Smith, entitled "Death at Birth", contains the following statement:

> "The records of the Massachusetts Board of Health show that Caesarean section has taken second place away from convulsions as a cause of death in childbirth."

We do not know how this information was obtained but as it is totally incorrect, we feel sure that you would wish to make a note in regard to it.

For the years 1922-1928 inclusive, the primary causes of maternal deaths in Massachusetts have been first, puerperal septicemia; second, convulsions and albuminuria, while maternal deaths following caesarean section are in the sixth place on the list.

We trust this information will be of interest to you.

GEORGE H. BIGELOW, M. D.,
Commissioner of Public Health

Moral Passion

Dedham, Mass.

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

There are many things in the Outlook which I enjoy and feel are of value but there are also many things which seem to me most unwholesome—particularly the cynical and sophomore spirit which is manifested toward moral questions. I still believe there is some good in the world and in heaven in spite of the Outlook. It comes to my home as a piece of resistance for the exercise of faith.

I have not always voted the Republican ticket. Are you giving the Administration at Washington a square deal in articles entitled "Back Stage in Wash-

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